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# INFANCY OF THE CHURCH.

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An Elaborate and Detailed Description of Persons, Places  
and Incidents connected with the Early Rise and  
Progress of the Church of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints.

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## A SERIES OF LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

Elders Andrew Jenson and Edward Stevenson.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1889.

GEORGE E. MAYCOCK





## PREFACE.

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In the months of September and October, 1888, Elder Joseph S. Black and the undersigned visited many places of historic interest to the Latter-day Saints. These points comprised the leading localities where some of the chief scenes connected with the early rise of the Church were enacted. While on this trip the observations taken were made the subjects of a lengthy correspondence to the *Deseret News*. We have been assured that these letters were well received by the community, and having been requested by a number of friends to compile them in the form of a pamphlet, we have done so, and in that shape respectfully present the correspondence in question, trusting that it will receive a kindly reception.

ANDREW JENSON,

EDWARD STEVENSON.



# INFANCY OF THE CHURCH.

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## LETTER 1.

Visit to Independence, Jackson Co., Missouri.—The Josephites and Hedrickites.—Prayer on the Temple Lot.—Visit to the Big Blue.—The Dismal Fate of Notorious Mobocrats.

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INDEPENDENCE, JACKSON CO., MO.,  
September 10, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Having been blessed and set apart for a short mission to the United States in the interest of Church history, Elders Andrew Jenson, Edward Stevenson and Joseph S. Black left Salt Lake City, Utah, in the morning of the 6th inst., and, after a safe and pleasant journey over mountains and plains, we arrived in Kansas City, Missouri, in the evening of Sept. 8th, where we hired a room for a few days and put up for the night. The next morning, Sunday, Sept. 9, 1888, after calling upon the Lord in earnest prayer, asking him for his aid, protection and guidance in performing our mission successfully, we left our lodgings and went by rail to Independence, the place where we had arranged to commence our labors. We arrived there at 11 a. m. With solemn feelings we wended our way to the public square, where a magnificent court-house occupies the site of the small one that was known to the Saints in 1831-33. When we remembered that it was on that square the mob assembled with murderous intent and decided to drive the innocent Saints away from their homes and possessions, that

Bishop Edward Partridge and Brother Allen were cruelly stripped and tarred and feathered, etc., we could hardly refrain from shedding tears, especially when we remembered that this goodly land of Zion is still in the possession of our enemies.

From the court-house square we proceeded westward to the Temple lot, and arrived there just as the Hedrickites were emerging from their little meeting-house on the northeast corner of the lot, after holding religious service. We were introduced to their leading men and spent part of the day very pleasantly in conversing with them about the principles of the Gospel. They treated us with great kindness and finally invited us to preach in their little meeting-house the following Monday evening. In the afternoon we attended a Josephite prayer meeting, in which Elder Stevenson bore a powerful testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph, the gifts and blessings of the Gospel, etc. The congregation listened with breathless attention, and after the meeting a number of people flocked around us anxious to enter into friendly conversation and hear of the progress we were making in the valleys of the mountains. They had rejoiced in the testimony borne, no doubt recognizing therein the voice of the true shepherd—something that had the right ring—calculated to gladden their hearts and prepare them to receive greater truths. The



Josephites number about 600 souls in Independence, and hold public meetings three times every Sunday in their brick meeting-house east of the court-house, but they are now erecting a fine church immediately north of and facing the Temple lot. We conversed with several of them who seemed to be wavering in their belief, apparently not satisfied with themselves nor their reorganized church, but showed great interest in the advanced principles we had to proclaim. Others showed that bitterness and spirit of antagonism characterizing their people generally. There are many good and honest persons in their midst who, no doubt, in due time will see the error of their way and fall in line with the true Priesthood of God now upon the earth. After conversing with members of the Josephite and Hedrickite factions until after dark and making, we think, a good and lasting impression upon them—for they followed us wherever we went and were unwilling to part with us—we proceeded to the Temple lot, selected a suitable place in the tall grass, and there, while stillness reigned on this sacred spot and surroundings, we bowed the knee and prayed earnestly for the redemption of Zion, for the increased power of the Priesthood of God upon the earth, for our own success, for our families that we had left at home, etc. Our hearts were filled with joy and the inspiration of heaven seemed to rest upon us, until we felt to prophesy in the name of the Lord that, not many years hence, the way shall be opened for the return of the Saints to this good and holy land, where once stood the Garden of Eden, where the great Prophet of the nineteenth century com-

muned with Jehovah, where the New Jerusalem shall be built and a Temple reared to the name of the Most High in this generation.

We prayed: "O Lord, remember thy words, and let not Zion suffer forever. Hasten her redemption, and let thy name be glorified in the victory of truth and righteousness over sin and iniquity. Confound the enemies of thy people and let Zion be free." After prayer we returned to our quarters in Kansas City, well satisfied with our first visit to Independence.

On the morning of Monday, 10th, we took a 15th Street cable car to the outskirts of the city, from where we walked in a southeasterly direction to the Big Blue. The reader will remember that it was on this stream the Colesville branch and other Saints located in 1831, and that on the 2nd of August of the year mentioned Joseph Smith, the Prophet; and eleven other men, in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel, carried and placed in position the first log for a house as a commencement for the building of Zion in this dispensation. The Big Blue is quite a large but sluggish stream which rises in Johnson County, Kansas, enters Jackson County, Missouri, from the west and then changes its course northward winding through the fields and farms about half way between Kansas City and Independence centres. In going up the hill traveling east, after having crossed the bridge over the Big Blue on the Westport and Independence road (a few hundred feet north of where the ferry over the Big Blue, mentioned in Church history, once was), we turned aside to an old farm house, where we happened on an old Missouri mobo-

crat, who boasted of having been an enemy to the "Mormons" for over fifty years. Says he, "I was but a boy when the 'Mormons' were expelled from Jackson County, but, by G—d, I was old enough to shoulder a gun and help drive them out."

We asked him what the "Mormons" had done to the old settlers which merited so brutal a treatment, and especially wanted him to tell us his own personal experience with them. "O," says he, "they did not molest me, for I was so young, but they did others." He then related how one of the Saints claimed to have received a revelation authorizing him to steal another man's cow, and that the Missourian thus imposed upon retaliated by killing the "Mormon," and this was the commencement of the hostilities between the Saints and the Missourians in Jackson County. Of course our knowledge of the true history of the affair prevented us from accepting the statement as true. We did not, however, consider it wise to enter into any argument with him, but proceeded to ask him other questions.

He then informed us that old Col. Pitcher, who took an active part against the Saints in 1833, died about a year ago as a pauper. Not only did he die poor, but during his last days he was shunned and deserted by all. Even his own children neglected to care for him. It went so far that some of the neighbors proposed to take up a subscription in order to raise sufficient means to hire a negro from Kansas City to wait on him until he died; but before the darkey came he breathed his last in the midst of filth and misery. He was once a wealthy man, but during the late civil war his

property was burned by the enemy and he reduced to poverty. Thus he seemed to have received his just due for the cruel part he took in mobbing the Saints and burning their houses in 1833.

It may be proper to state here that nearly every house on both sides of the Big Blue—the very section of country where about 200 houses belonging to the Saints were burned in the beginning of 1834—were destroyed during the guerrilla and bushwacker's campaign of terror in the time of the late civil war. It was a war between neighbors and neighborhoods, and the whole section of country was laid waste, so Mr. Mason informed us. His own house was burned with the rest.

In answer to our inquiry he also told us that Moses Wilson, the old mobocrat general, notoriously known in the Missouri persecutions, died many years ago in Texas as a drunkard, gambler and genuine vagabond, despised by all who knew him.

"What became of Samuel C. Owens who had so narrow an escape from drowning in the Missouri River while fighting the 'Mormons' in 1834," we asked. "Sam. Owens," replied Mr. Mason, "why, he was the only man killed in the battle with the Mexicans near the city of Chihuahua in 1846. He had just received bad news from home, informing him that his son-in-law had committed the crime of murder, and Mr. Owens felt so bad about it, that he immediately filled himself with brandy, plunged heedlessly into a hand-to-hand conflict with the Mexicans, during which he was killed, according to his own wish; for he said before starting, that he wanted to go to hell at once, knowing, as he did, that he

would have to go there some day anyway." Such was the fate of this old mobocrat, who persecuted the Saints so unmercifully during the Jackson and Clay County troubles.

Mr. Mason, our informant, lives on a farm which once belonged to the Saints. He is seventy-one years of age, and although he was bitter against the Saints, he seemed pleased with being able to point out to us the various bends on the Big Blue, where the humble log cabins of the Saints once stood. At several points there are still remnants to be found of the chimneys and foundations, but not a single house is known to be in existence. The residence of Brother Joshua Lewis, in which the Church held its fifth General Conference, Aug. 4, 1831, crumbled to pieces years ago. That was one of the few buildings not burned by the mob at the time of the exodus, but it was partly torn down.

Mr. Mason also told us where the skirmish took place between the Saints and the mob, Nov. 4, 1833, when Andrew Barber and two of the mob were killed.

In alluding to himself the old man, whom we considered a fair sample of many of those who drove the Saints out of Jackson County in 1833, informed us that he had no education. "I can't read a word," said he, "I only went to school three weeks in my life, during which time I got nine lickings and quit."

After we left Mr. Mason remarked to a neighbor: "They (meaning your correspondants) asked me about these men (alluding to the mobbers), and as I did not want to lie to them I told them the truth. These strangers, even if they were d—d Mormons, possessed one re-

deeming quality—they were Democrats." On our merits as Democrats he gave us all the buttermilk we could drink and wished us success.

From Mr. Mason's house we continued our journey to the house of Geo. P. Frisbey, a member of the Hedrickite faction, where these lines are penned for the *Deseret News*.

We have an appointment to preach on the Temple Block in Independence this evening. More anon.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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## LETTER 2.

Meeting on the Temple Lot.—Scenes, Locations and Circumstances Connected with Former Times.

INDEPENDENCE, JACKSON CO., MO.,  
September 11, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Last evening we were taken in a conveyance, by our friend, Elder George P. Frisbey, of the Hedrickite Church, to fill our appointment in their meeting-house on the Temple lot. Our journey was over rolling land, with fields and forests intermingled, forming a picture worthy of Zion's borders, on which we truly were. Farms containing hundreds of acres of beautiful land, the homes of the Saints more than half a century ago, were pointed out to us; also the residence of the late Col. Pitcher, standing on a hill about four miles southwest of Independence, on the Westport and Independence Road, where the colonel resided for 50 years on a beautiful plantation which subsequently passed away from him. We also learned the



fate of another notorious and leading mobocrat, Mr. A. E. Hickman, known as Captain Hickman, once a government surveyor, who took an active part in driving the Saints from their homes in 1833. His possessions were pointed out, and his wealth boasted of as that of a possessor of broad fields. "But," said our informant, "he died in that little cabin on yonder hill in 1882, in the midst of grief and poverty."

Arriving at Independence about dusk we found a good number of people gathered on the Temple lot, and when we opened our meeting at 7:30 o'clock p. m. many were unable to gain admittance. After singing, and prayer by Elder Jenson, Edward Stevenson preached 50 minutes on the fulfilment of prophecy, taking the 2nd chapter of Isaiah and a passage from Zachariah as texts. He showed that the Saints in the mountains continued to gather and build up Zion, and had no need of reorganizing, and that the schismatics such as Lawites, Strangites, Rigdonites, etc., die out and disappear. He predicted the same thing regarding all those who depart from the true and only Gospel. He was followed by Elder Joseph S. Black, who occupied 10 minutes, speaking of the present condition of the Saints in Utah, and by Andrew Jenson who spoke 30 minutes on matters pertaining to the early history of the Latter-day Saints. The spirit of God rested upon us and through His grace we were enabled to reach the hearts of our hearers, who listened very attentively to all that was said.

We spent the night at the Pacific Hotel, kept by J. D. Barnhart, a German, and a silent partner by the name of J. T. Clark, an old time

Latter-day Saint, of Kirtland, Ohio, who years ago joined the "Reorganization" or "Josephites," and soon after, not being satisfied with their authority, left them, and joined the Hedrickites, and lastly has joined the Whitmerites. He was one of last night's attendants, and said that our meeting had the good old ring of the Gospel bell of fifty years ago, and that many others of those present thought the same.

At the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph, the Saints were being gathered and were building a Temple, baptizing for the dead, etc., which work unceasingly has been kept up by those who under the leadership of the Twelve came to the Rocky Mountains notwithstanding the various factions which have separated themselves from the true Gospel tree. The writer (Elder Stevenson) heard the Prophet say on a stand at the east end of the Nauvoo Temple, that the time was coming when there would be many dissensions from the Church. "But," said he, "I now see the time which I have long desired to see. Let me go where I may, the Gospel tree is planted never more to be rooted up, for there are those present who are prepared to carry on the Gospel, whatever may become of me." He also said: "I will give you a key by which you may never be deceived, if you will observe these facts: Where the true Church is, there will always be a majority of the Saints, and the records and history of the Church also."

We believe that there are many who will eventually discover their mistake and return to the true fold, after judgments and scourges shall have passed through the land. We feel sorrowful for many who appear

to be wavering and not fully satisfied with their faith and standing, for in our communications with many members of schismatic factions, some seemed to possess a desire to be Saints and be saved. We asked the Hedrickites if they had any Twelve Apostles or Seventies' quorums; and also put the same question to the Whitmerites. Both replied: "No; there are not enough members yet to fully organize." There are only about 50 members in each party and those are scattered throughout the country. We suggested that a few of those small factions join together until they become of sufficient strength to fully organize.

Real estate was boomed some time ago in the vicinity of Kansas City and Independence until land was considered worth from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per acre, and several new towns were laid out on the "Dummy line" between the two places. Both towns and boom have since partly died on the hands of speculators, and are awaiting an exposition car or something else to "boom her up" again. The Temple lot is still in dispute between the Josephites and Hedrickites, but the latter have possession and their meeting-house is within the enclosure. They have paid up all taxes to date. We saw an abstract of title, costing over \$50, to not only the small portion of the real Temple lot now under fence, but to the whole piece of land (consisting of 63 acres) purchased for the Church by the late Bishop Edward Partridge in 1831. The abstract showed a broken chain of title, there being nothing in the county records to show any administration on the Partridge estate, but the Hedrickites have, no doubt, as good a title to

that small parcel they hold as is obtainable now.

Having accomplished sufficient to satisfy our desires in this waste place and centre Stake of Zion, we again repaired to the centre of the Temple lot and in the midst of the shade trees and blue grass, which is mowed by the Hedrickites occasionally, we humbly bowed ourselves before the Lord and thanked Him for His favors and mercy in opening our way so very favorably to bear our testimony in those meetings already mentioned, and for the history of past events with which we had been furnished.

EDWARD STEVENSON,  
ANDREW JENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 3.

Memoir of John E. Page.—Description of Jackson County, Missouri.—The Redemption of Zion.

KANSAS CITY, JACKSON CO., MO.,  
September 12, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Yesterday, before leaving Independence, we visited the widow of the late John E. Page. She lives near the Temple lot, and is about 70 years old. From her and her son, Justin E. Page, who owns a blacksmith shop immediately south of and facing the Temple lot, we learned that the late John E. Page, after absenting himself from the Church, located in De Kalb County, Illinois, where he engaged in farming. Later he removed to a point about six miles north of Sycamore, De Kalb County, where he died in the fall of 1867, being then 68 years and 8 months old. According to his own request, he was buried under an ash

tree on his farm. His son declared that he died in full faith in the divinity of the Book of Mormon and the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith. After his death the widow removed with the children to De Kalb, and later located at Independence, Missouri. Besides the two sons who reside in the latter place, a daughter of John E. Page now lives in Tennessee, and a third son resides in Kansas.

As Jackson County, the land of Zion, where the Saints in the near future expect to build a temple to the name of the Most High, and also a holy city, in which the Lamb of God shall dwell in peace, we have taken pains to collect the following from various sources:

#### JACKSON COUNTY,

In the State of Missouri, is located in north latitude 39 degrees. Its northwestern corner commences at the confluence of the Kansas River with the waters of the Missouri, the latter of which for a distance of forty miles of its meanderings separate it from Clay and Ray Counties upon the north. Upon a straight line the distance is 27 miles from the eastern to the western boundary. The length of the eastern boundary north and south is 23 miles, and the extreme length from its most northern point upon the Missouri River to its southern line is 27 miles. It is bounded on the east by Lafayette and Johnson Counties, south by Cass County, and west by the Kansas State line, having an area of 385,404 acres.

Jackson County presents some physical features found in no other county in Missouri. There are three elevations or ridges passing through it from the south bearing northward 30 degrees east. The water drained from these ridges feed streams upon the east and west sides; those upon the east side of the western ridge become tributaries to the Big Blue, which discharges its waters into the Missouri six miles below the mouth of the Kansas River, and those upon the western slope empty into the Kansas. The waters drained from the central ridge form streams upon the west side that also become tributaries to the Big Blue, and those drained from the eastern slope

empty into the Little Blue, which forms the eastern boundary of the second ridge. The waters of the Little Blue are discharged into the Missouri at a point thirty miles by the river line east of the mouth of the Kansas. Waters drained from the third or east ridge form streams that also become tributaries of the Little Blue, flowing west, and those from the east side flow into the Snia-bar, which discharges its waters into the Missouri about three miles east of the northeast corner of the county. These principal streams having their sources in the country south and west of Jackson County are made up of springs that are found upon the uplands in great number. Along the streams are found bodies of excellent timber. The three elevations mentioned passing through the county north and south terminate abruptly on the Missouri River, the middle one having an elevation of 354 feet above high water mark at a point four miles north of Independence. The western ridge terminates at Kansas City at an elevation of 292 feet above high water mark, and the eastern ridge breaks off near the northeast corner of the county. These three elevations, running nearly parallel with each other, the eastern and western approaching the central, finally unite or consolidate in one general elevation about five miles south and five miles east of the southwest corner of the county, forming a topographical elevation, the general direction of which is southwest, and may be followed by the continued elevation to the summit of Pike's Peak, in Colorado, without crossing a single stream of water.

These elevations, with their perfect drainage, present an exceedingly pure atmosphere throughout the entire county, thus precluding the possibility of malaria to exist to any great extent. Hence, it is one of the most healthy and desirable places of Missouri from a sanitary standpoint.

It can be safely estimated that 300,000 acres of the entire area are susceptible of high cultivation for agricultural purposes. The soil is very rich and fertile, consisting of a rich black loam, in places intermingled with sand and clay, and is from two to ten feet in depth, with a subsoil of a fine quality of clay, and the river bottoms are susceptible of yielding a larger crop per acre than any other lands northwest of the Mississippi River. The lands upon which the huckleberry grows are regarded as being the richest and most productive. Wheat and Indian corn are raised in abundance. The wonderful blue grass grows spontaneously, and its beautiful carpet covers the whole



country, lending beauty to lawns and door-yards, and wealth to innumerable pasture lands. Under cultivation, or in prepared ground, its spears grow to the enormous height of four feet, and its seed spikes stand firm and erect at the height of two to three feet. This grass excels all others as a pasture grass. The earliest in spring to attract the lowing herd, it is the last to succumb to the frosts and snows of winter, after having furnished good grazing all through the spring, summer and autumn months. Timothy, orchard grass and red clover also grow rapidly when cultivated.

Thus it will be seen that the country is especially adapted for stock-raising. Both climate and soil are favorable to the production of all the fruits and vegetables of the warm temperate climate; not only the hardy cereals, such as oats, barley, wheat, rye, buck-wheat, corn, etc., but also tobacco, cotton, flax, sweet potatoes and all other common vegetables; also apples, pears, apricots, persimmons, plums of many varieties, the luscious peach, the delicious grape and a great many kinds of berries.

Though the supply of timber useful for lumbering purposes is nearly exhausted, there are still luxuriant growths of hickory, some black walnut, a variety of oaks, plenty of elm, cherry, honey-locust, mulberry, basswood and box elder; huge sycamores and cottonwoods in the river bottoms; also hard and soft maple.

The county is well supplied with springs of living water gushing out upon every hill-side. Wells of from 10 to 50 feet deep give a supply of good limestone water. The clay, of which there is unlimited quantities, makes a fine quality of brick; and at no very great distance are stone quarries, which supply a good quality of light-colored sandstone, so that substantial building material may be said to be plentiful. Being located upon the highest elevation of land between the Rocky and Alleghany mountains, the air in Jackson County is pure, healthy and salubrious. The sky is generally clear; there is scarcely a day but some sunshine is seen, and snow in winter rarely lies on the ground over a week or ten days.

In 1880 the population of Jackson County, according to the U. S. census, was 82,325. With the rapid growth of Kansas City during the last few years, the county now undoubtedly has nearly 200,000 inhabitants.

[For further information about Jackson County and the persecutions of the Saints there, the reader is referred to the HISTORICAL RECORD, pages 625-648.]

There is at present about as much prospect for the Saints to return to Jackson County to possess it as there was anciently for the children of Israel to return to Jerusalem from their captivity in Babylon, after the seventy years predicted by the Prophets as the period of bondage were ended, when the wicked Belshazzar mocked the God of Israel by desecrating the holy vessels taken from the Temple in Jerusalem. The events of a single night at that time, however, so completely changed the condition of the children of Israel that that which the day before seemed an utter impossibility, now became comparatively easy, and the words of the Prophets were literally fulfilled; Israel did return to their own land. So also shall the words of the Lord be fulfilled in regard to the Latter-day Israel. Zion shall be redeemed as the Prophets have told, and the Saints occupy this land of their inheritance.

Later we will tell you something about the Hedrickites, the custodians of the Temple lot in Independence.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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#### LETTER 4.

A Visit to Richmond.—The Whitmers and Whitmerites.—Manuscript of the Book of Mormon.—Testimonies of the Divine Authenticity of the Work.—Where the Prophet and Others were Imprisoned.

RICHMOND, RAY Co., Mo.,  
September 13, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning we took the Chicago, Santa Fe & California Railroad from Kansas City, and sped on our way on the south

side of the Missouri River, through timber land, on which the sturdy oak, hickory elm, black walnut and other kinds of trees are growing. We saw wagon loads of walnuts on the heavily laden trees. Many of the old-time cabins built of logs still remain on the poorly tilled fields, which were very prolific with weeds. Much of the tall but scattered corn was wonderfully clustered with vines, looking very much like hop fields. On inquiry we learned they were morning glory vines. Passing the old ferry, where the exiled Saints crossed the Mississippi River into Clay County in 1833, we stepped out on the platform to take a view of the long-to-be-remembered old ferry place. The train passed on to Sibley, where we crossed the muddy Missouri River on a first-class bridge and a lengthy trestle into Ray County, and viewed the extensive bottom land farms and fields.

At 11:30 a.m. we arrived at Lexington Junction, 42 miles from Kansas City, and 5 miles from Richmond. There being no train until 6 p.m. for Richmond, we concluded to make the journey on foot, which we did, and were delighted with our rambles in the woods.

In passing through the country on foot we stopped to converse with a number of the inhabitants, and learned from them many things of interest in regard to the country. This is truly a delightful land. Near the Missouri River it is quite heavily timbered, but as we recede from the river the openings and clearings become more extensive, and finally broad prairies enhance the landscape. Of the various sorts of timber growing on the north side of the river we noticed the oak, elm, ash,

walnut, sycamore, locust, tamarind and others, besides the pawpaw and numerous kinds of underwood and vines. Some of the farms are kept in a thrifty condition, while others are seemingly neglected, so that most healthy growths of weeds have got the best of the planted crops. Small grain does pretty well, but the soil seems to be particularly adapted for raising Indian corn, which in some instances yields about 100 bushels to the acre.

We also saw some of the finest milch cows we have ever beheld in our travels, the facilities for pasturage here being second to none in the United States.

Having arrived at Richmond we went directly to the residence of the late David Whitmer, and received a somewhat cool reception from his daughter, Mrs. Schweich, who keeps house for her brother David, at the old homestead. Elder Stevenson remarked that he found altogether a different influence in the house to that he had experienced on his former visits when David was alive, and the place has no longer any attractions.

We visited the new cemetery, situated a short distance west of town where the mortal remains of the last witness of the Book of Mormon now slumbers. We also visited the old cemetery, about half a mile north of Richmond centre, where rest the remains of the senior Peter Whitmer (in whose house the Church was organized) and his wife, together with their son Jacob (one of the Eight Witnesses) and Oliver Cowdery. A fine marble tombstone designates the resting place of Jacob Whitmer, but the grave of Oliver is entirely hid among and overgrown with weed s

While we found the new cemetery in a first-class condition, we found the old one entirely neglected, and marble monuments, headstones and fences scattered promiscuously on the ground as the cyclone left it ten years ago. Standing over the graves of Oliver and Jacob, we instinctively uncovered our heads, uttered a silent prayer and passed on with heavy hearts. How we should have appreciated a short interview with him who was blessed with the ministration of angels, the Savior, Moses, Elijah the Prophet, and other holy beings!

Toward evening we went on foot, about one and a half miles south of Richmond, to the house of John C. Whitmer, the only living son of Jacob Whitmer. He is the presiding Elder of the so-called Whitmerites, and is a respectable farmer, fifty-three years of age. He received us kindly and gave us some information that we highly appreciated in regard to the Eight Witnesses of the Book of Mormon and others. His uncles Christian and Peter Whitmer both died as faithful Elders in the Church in Clay County, Mo., the first-named Nov. 27, 1835, and the latter Sept. 22, 1836. Both bore faithful and unflinching testimonies to the last of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Jacob Whitmer died in Richmond, April 21, 1856, aged 56 years, 2 months and 26 days. John Whitmer died in Far West, Caldwell County, Mo., in 1878; and Hiram Page died on a farm about fourteen miles west of Richmond, near the boundary line of Clay County, Missouri, August 12, 1852.

John C. Whitmer testified as follows concerning the witnesses:

"I was closely connected with Hiram Page in business transactions and other matters, he being married to my aunt. I knew him at all times and under all circumstances to be true to his testimony concerning the divinity of the Book of Mormon. I was also at the death bed of Oliver Cowdery in 1850, and I heard him speak to my uncle David (Whitmer) and say: 'Brother David, be faithful to our testimony to the Book of Mormon, for we know that it is of God and that it is verily true.' He then closed his eyes in death. My father, Jacob Whitmer, was always faithful and true to his testimony to the Book of Mormon, and confirmed it on his death bed. Of my uncle John (Whitmer) I will say that I was with him a short time before he died at Far West, Missouri, when he confirmed to me what he had done so many times previously that he knew the Book of Mormon was true. I was also with Uncle David (Whitmer), who died here in January last, and heard him bear his last testimony in the presence of many witnesses whom he had called together for the occasion. He solemnly declared that the record of the Nephites, as he always called the Book of Mormon, was of God, and his testimony concerning it true."

John C. Whitmer then gave us in substance the following particulars in regard to the church over which he presides:

He was baptized by his uncle, David Whitmer, Sept. 15, 1875, and by him also ordained an Elder Jan. 28, 1876, receiving instructions to go forth and preach the Gospel as it had been taught by Joseph, the Prophet, and organize a new church according to the original pattern, in which he (John C.) was to be the first Elder. In obedience to this he immediately commenced his labors and succeeded in baptizing the first three individuals on the following Feb. 17 (1876). Others followed, and soon the new church commenced to hold meetings and completed their organization as far as their numbers would permit them. They now claim to have about one hundred members, all told. Some of these reside in and around Richmond, others in Independence, Jackson County, while the remainder live in a more scattered condition in Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Tennessee, California and other States. The few around Richmond and as many of the others who can conveniently come together hold meetings every third Sunday in a small school-house situated about a mile and a half south of Richmond



in the school district where John C. Whitmer, their president, resides. The Whitmerites, or as they call themselves the Church of Christ, believe only a part of the revelations given through Joseph Smith the Prophet, but they take the Book of Mormon and the New Testament as their standard and rule of faith. Anything that agrees with the teachings of these two books they accept, and everything that conflicts therewith they reject. They have no High Priests in their church as they do not believe in that order of the Priesthood, but they have a few Elders, Priests and Teachers. They have no Deacons, but believe in the order, and would also ordain Apostles and Seventies, if the number of their members would allow it, but there being so few of them they could not possibly find element enough to ordain Twelve Apostles, say nothing about seventy men wherewith to make a quorum of Seventies. Elder Stevenson suggested that the Whitmerites and Hedrickites unite, so as to make a stronger body; whereupon Mr. Whitmer said he expected to visit Independence in a few weeks, when he hoped to be able to baptize all the Hedrickites into his church.

This morning we visited a number of old settlers trying to gather information in regard to circumstances transpiring fifty years ago. We visited the site of the old jail where Parley P. Pratt, Morris Phelps and others were imprisoned from November, 1838, to May, 1839. An old resident told us that he remembered many years afterwards seeing the name of P. P. Pratt on the ceiling of the jail, which was finally torn down and the site is now occupied by a large wagon repairing and blacksmith shop owned by Messrs. Powell & Sons. On the identical spot where the jail stood is a well from which we drew and drank water in memory of the past. The jail site is a little more than half a block east of the northeast corner of the court-house square, on the north side of the street. We made several inquiries about the old log house, where Joseph the Prophet and fel-

low-prisoners were guarded during Judge Austin A. King's trial in November, 1838, and where Joseph rebuked the guard; but we were unable to find any who could give us the necessary information. One old settler, Mr. B. H. Quesenberry, who acted as county clerk of Ray County in 1838, told us that there were a number of old log houses on the north side of the court-house square at that time, and it was no doubt into one of these that the Prophet and his brethren were ushered on that memorable occasion.

This afternoon we visited Mrs Bisbee, a daughter of the late Jacob Whitmer, and Philander Page, a son of the late Hiram Page, and from them and documents in their possession we gained all the information desired in regard to the Eight Witnessess of the Book of Mormon. This evening we examined the manuscript of the Book of Mormon in the possession of David J. Whitmer, son of the late David Whitmer. We satisfied ourselves beyond a doubt that it was the copy from which the book was printed—a copy of the original manuscript afterwards deposited by Joseph in the foundation of the Nauvoo House. We discerned between at least three different handwritings, the most of it, however, being written by Oliver Cowdery, whose handwriting is well known. It is supposed that Emma Smith and perhaps Christian and Peter Whitmer wrote the balance. The signatures of the witnesses were all written by the same scribe, which is another proof that this is not the original manuscript on which each witness signed his own name. There were 464 closely-written pages, each sheet being written on both sides,

We have also learned that General John B. Clark, the notorious mobocrat, died as a drunkard in Fayette, Howard County, about the year 1880, forsaken by his political friends at least. The notorious Austin A. King also died years ago. He was taken sick very suddenly at St. Louis and died almost immediately. His remains were brought to Ray County for burial.

Richmond is a fine town of nearly 3,000 inhabitants. The court-house, around which the principal stores and business houses are clustered, is beautifully situated on the rising ground, while on another gently sloping hill a little southward, stands the Richmond College, said to be a first-class institution of learning. Two weekly newspapers, the *Democrat* and *Conservator*, are published. About seven hundred men are engaged in coal mining around Richmond, a number of profitable mines having been opened recently. During the present season about one hundred new residences have been erected.

We must not forget to state that Richmond was the home of Elder Stevenson a short time in 1835, it being then an unimportant village. Some of the scenes that he beheld in his boyhood days were so indelibly impressed that they recurred to his memory as fresh as if witnessed only yesterday. Two of them we will mention: One citizen, a hotel-keeper of that time, was about to make a sale of one of his slaves to a buyer from New Orleans. A price was agreed upon, but the mother, hearing of the proposed sale, stepped around and said: "Now Massa——, you knows dat child is yours as well as mine, and you promis' me you

neber sell him." After she had pleaded for some time, the sale was abandoned.

The other incident was a fight on the court-house square, which resulted in a dirk knife gash in the arm of one of the combatants. Bleeding and swearing he offered to bet one of his best negroes that he could whip his opponent in any way proposed. A better community, we trust, now inhabit this city, in this beautiful country.

We start for the Crooked River battle-ground to-morrow morning.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 5.

The Hedrickites.—A Detailed Account of the Origin and History of the Sect Which Holds Possession of the Temple Lot at Independence.

FAR WEST, CALDWELL CO., MO.,  
September 15, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Before leaving Independence we gathered considerable information in regard to the Hedrickites. We considered them worthy of this attention as they are the present custodians of the Temple lot, and because of the kind and honest spirit they manifested in our association with them. "We think more of you people in Utah than you are probably aware of," said one of their leading men, while conversing with us; "And we hope the time will come when we shall fully understand each other." They wanted it distinctly understood that they did not consider themselves dissenters from the Church organized in 1830, but as a branch thereof, notwithstanding their rejection of

certain principles taught by the Prophet Joseph. They also wished us to understand that they were not contending or quarreling with any one concerning matters of religion, but were always willing to receive superior knowledge and intelligence from those who possessed it. Said they: "If we find that you have more light than we have, we are willing to receive it." The future will prove whether their statement in this regard is correct or not. They don't believe in plural marriage, reject baptism for the dead and most of the revelations Joseph Smith received since 1834, at which time they believe he became a fallen prophet because of a few technical errors they think they have discovered in the revelations. They also reject a plurality of Gods and the doctrine that God was once a man like men are now, and that men become Gods by a system of exaltation. They believe it is right to pay tithing, but reject the doctrine as revealed through the Prophet, July 8, 1838. Neither do they accept the Book of Abraham, translated from the papyrus. Thus it will be seen that they have been left far behind, but notwithstanding this, our hearts were drawn toward them because of their apparent sincerity, and we earnestly hope they may yet receive understanding concerning the truths that now seem to be a mystery to them. To become a member of their church it is not required that the person be baptized, if he has previously received baptism by the hands of one having authority either in the "Utah Church," or with the Josephites, but if any one prefers baptism before joining them, he can have this desire gratified.

The history of the Hedrickites is briefly as follows: In the year 1851, Granville Hedrick (who had been a member of the true church for many years) and Daniel Judy had considerable conversation about the condition of the Church, and they finally made an agreement with each other that they would begin from that time to discharge their duties as Elders, having been duly ordained such at an early day. They accordingly began to preach the Gospel as they understood it and call on all who had formerly belonged to the Church to assist in promulgating the good work previously commenced by the Prophet Joseph. They began their labors in Taswell County, Illinois, and quite a number of people who once belonged to the Church were baptized by Hedrick and Judy, who also began holding regular meetings. Finally, in April, 1857, they organized themselves into what they styled a branch of the original Church organized April 6, 1830. They continued to work under this organization until July 19, 1863, when a conference was held by them in Livingston County, Illinois, on which occasion Granville Hedrick was elected President of the Church and was ordained by John E. Page, who had once been one of the Twelve Apostles, but had been disfellowshipped. Aug. 16, 1863, Mr. Hedrick received "his first revelation," which was endorsed by John E. Page, David Judy, Adna C. Haldeman and Jedediah Owen, who signed themselves apostles in the church, the three last named having been previously ordained apostles by John E. Page and Granville Hedrick. April 24, 1864, Mr. Hedrick received another revelation commanding the Saints to remove to Jack-



son County, Missouri, in 1867. It also predicted that war and famine should commence in the Northern States in 1871, and terrible bloodshed would continue until the nation (the United States) was overthrown and the liberties of the people taken away from them. This should terminate in 1878. In July, 1864, the first number of the *Truth Teller*, a monthly sixteen-page periodical, published in the interest of the new church, was issued at Bloomington, Illinois; G. Hedrick and A. C. Haldeman, editors. Twelve numbers of this paper were published at Bloomington, and two at Independence, Missouri, after which the publication was suspended for the want of patronage.

The main body of the Church remained in the vicinity of Bloomington, Illinois, until 1867, when a number of them removed to Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, agreeable to the revelation. Prominent among those that went up on that occasion were Geo. P. Frisbey, John T. Clark, John Hedrick, Jedediah Owen, David Judy and Alma Owen. They came up with teams. Other members followed and they continued to arrive until the church in Jackson County numbered 100 members. In 1868, the brethren divided for the purpose of buying the Temple lot, and in order to do it quietly and avoid trouble it was bought in sections by different members; and when all had been obtained it was deeded to Granville Hedrick, trustee-in-trust for the church, and his successor in office. The very best lawyers were employed to examine the records and to obtain an abstract to prove an unbroken chain of title. The whole lot, consisting of about three acres, cost

them nearly \$1,500. It may here be stated that at that time the original purchase, consisting of 63 acres, including the Temple lot (bought for the Church by Bishop Edward Partridge in 1831) had been cut up into blocks and lots as an addition to the city of Independence and sold to different parties. Some of these small fractions had changed hands already several times, when the Hedrickites bought the three acres which they now hold.

After a while trouble and division began to manifest itself in the Hedrickite church, which, in consequence, was crippled considerably and the number of members reduced to such an extent that no regular meetings were held for several years except conference meetings on the 6th of April and 6th of October every season.

In 1871, David Judy and Jedediah Owen went on a mission to the Indian Territory, and built up quite a branch there, consisting of about fifty members. This is all the missionary labor ever performed by the Hedrickites and that little band has not since been visited by any other of their Elders from Independence; hence its condition is unknown.

Granville Hedrick died Aug. 22, 1881, and at a conference held July 22nd following, David Judy was elected his successor, both as president of the church and trustee-in-trust. During Mr. Judy's term of office a few new members were received and the old ones became more united.

April 14, 1886, David Judy died, and in October following Richard Hill, the present incumbent, was chosen president and trustee-in-trust for the Temple lot.

At a conference held April 6, 1887, the church decided to build a house of worship on the Temple lot. Richard Hill, A. Owen and George P. Frisbey were appointed a building committee. The house, a lumber building, 26 by 18 feet, was erected during the summer, and since that time regular meetings have been held therein.

The Hedrickite Church was more fully organized June 10, 1888, by electing a priest, a teacher and a deacon. M. Eaton was chosen Bishop April 4, 1871, but since his death they have had no Bishop. At the present time they number 46 members, and only 36 of those are known at head-quarters. Consequently, as they frankly acknowledged themselves, their limited number will not yet allow the calling of Apostles and Seventies. They once ordained a few apostles, as previously related, but never had a full quorum.

Some years ago the Josephites invited them to appoint a committee of three to meet with a similar committee in behalf of the former, for the purpose of adjusting the differences existing between the two factions in doctrinal matters. The two committees met and held a number of meetings, but could not agree. Failing in this attempt to win the Hedrickites over to their side, the Josephites (so we were informed) have recently given notice that they will enter suit against the Hedrickites for the possession of the Temple lot, but the latter say they are prepared for them, and that they will not find it so easy to get possession of the Temple lot in Independence, as they did the Kirtland Temple, in Ohio, a few years ago.

In conclusion we will say that

Richard Hill, the present leader of the Hedrickites, is a plain, unassuming man, a native of England, and a blacksmith by trade, born Aug. 19, 1827. He was baptized in England in 1847, emigrated to Wisconsin in 1849, and removed to Independence, Missouri, in 1868. He said he entertains the best of feelings toward the people of Utah.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK,

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### LETTER 6.

Famed Far West.—Description of the Crooked River Battle Ground.—Reflections on the Past at Far West.—Real Estate for Sale Cheap.

FAR WEST, CALDWELL CO., MO.,  
September 15, 1888-

*Editor Deseret News:*

Having given you some jottings by the wayside up to the time of our visit in Richmond, Ray County, Mo., we will now give you a brief account of our movements since. We resumed our journey on the 14th inst., at 6:27 a. m., taking train on the St. Joseph, St Louis and Santa Fe Railroad and traveled 20 miles to Lawson, north of Richmond, where we were compelled to draw on our already taxed patience, and await the tardy arrival of another railway coach, as a change of train was necessary to convey us to the Crooked River battle ground, or Bogart's battle field, by which title it is so readily known in these parts. We waited over two hours. However, we felt much better and not half so cross after a square breakfast. We proceeded to the station, and at 9:30 a. m. were delighted to hear the scream

of the locomotive and the call of "All aboard!" for Elmira, five miles northeast, where we arrived safely. Elmira is a new railway town, on the well-named Crooked River, two miles above the fated spot we have heard so much about.

During our 25 miles' ride to-day we have had a variety of scenery, and passed over sacred land, beautiful to behold, and very fertile. Why should it not be so, when we realize that we are in what was once Eden and its vicinity and surroundings? We are now on our way to visit the land where our father Adam dwelt, in Adam-ondi-Ahman, after he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, which is Jackson County, Missouri. Adam-ondi-Ahman is situated northeast about eighty miles from the Garden of Eden. Who is able to even imagine the depth of thought and pleasure it affords us to know that we are permitted and worthy to live in this momentous day of Gospel dispensation, a day in which God has fulfilled his promises as found recorded in our text, which was read by us on the Temple lot, in Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. It was as follows:

"And another angel went out to meet him, and said unto him, Run, speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls, etc." (Zach. 2:4.)

The visitation of an angel has created much prejudice throughout the world, and we are about to visit some of the results and consequences of it.

Securing the services of a Mr. J. M. Trout as guide we at once started for the battle ground. From Elmira Mr. Trout led us through the woods, where we found many trees laden with nuts and wild fruits.

After wandering about in the timbers considerably, we at last found the old Field ford, near which the famous battle between Bogart's mobocrats and our brethren was fought on the 25th of October, 1838. By this time we were somewhat hungry and weary, the heat being much more oppressive in this lower altitude than it is at the same degree of latitude in Utah, where we have the benefits of the rarified mountain air. Emerging from the woods into a clearing of about fifty acres we found ourselves near an old log house where we called for a drink. In response to this the good lady of the house, although seemingly poor, treated us to some excellent butter-milk and corn bread, which we ate while sitting on a log in front of the house and in full view of the battle ground. Crossing Crooked River, which at the present time is nearly dry at this point, two of our number dined with Mr. J. L. Thompson, who lives about half a mile from the ford, while Elder Jenson set out alone across the farms west of the stream to find an old resident by the name of Absalom McDonald, who is the present owner of the battle grounds. This gentleman, an old Missourian 72 years of age, readily consented to show us over the grounds. Also two of Mr. Thompson's sons, who were well acquainted with the place, and had years ago picked up a number of bullets there, volunteered their services.

The night before the battle, Samuel Bogart was camped at a point in the woods about 100 yards from the ford on the east side of the stream. The ford, now known as the McDonald ford, is used but a very little now; and although the old Far West



road, which crosses Crooked River at this point, can easily be traced through the timber, it has not been used as a highway for many years. The old battle ground is covered with brush and small timber. A great many of the large trees have recently been cut down by Mr. McDonald, but there are still two stately oak trees standing near the spot where Bogart was encamped. One of these is dead, but the other, a large burr-oak, in which a number of bullets fired during the battle were found, still stands in a thrifty condition. The bank, behind which the mobbers are supposed to have formed in line of battle, is now overgrown with brush. It runs parallel with the stream.

It was with solemn and peculiar feelings that we traced those grounds, especially as we continued up the old road to the rather steep hill where stood the picket guard, Mr. John Lochard, who killed Brother O'Banion. Mr. Absalom McDonald pointed out the very spot, saying that Mr. John Lochard told him he shot Mr. O'Banion just below this elevated and very sightly point. As the "Mormons" were going down the old road, only one of the two guards fired, when both ran for camp, about a quarter of a mile distant. Still further up the road, in an old field and on the top of the hill, stands yet the old historic building known to this day as the old Field residence. It is a double two-story house, 30 by 18 feet, built of hewed logs. It looks very lonely and in a state of decay. It has been abandoned for the past ten years, and with the surrounding fields looks forsaken. One of the Thompson boys who were with us said that he had killed three hedge-hogs recently in the old build-

ing. It was back of this old house where Captain "Fearnot" (David W. Patten) divided his forces into three divisions and marched on to the ford, where the conflict occurred, just as the day was dawning, the enemy thus having every advantage, as they were looking toward the light and had the bank to serve them as a breastwork; yet they were soon routed and plunged into the river, scattering in all directions.

Many are the stories related by the Missourians as to the cause of this conflict. But it is well authenticated that Mr. Bogart's company was burning "Mormon" houses, killing stock, and had already taken three prisoners, and that the Saints simply fought in self-defence. Such scenes are very unpleasant to contemplate and it is even not consoling to review the grounds.

Far West having been turned into a plowed field, there is no railroad communication to that point, much to our inconvenience. We therefore resolved to walk the distance, about sixteen miles, and in traveling through the country on foot, we were delighted with the rolling prairies mingled with beautiful timber land. On Prairie Ridge, in Caldwell County, an Ohio farmer (as well as many others on our way) beset us to purchase land and farms, taking us, as we supposed, for land speculators. We had offers of excellent land for from \$10 to \$50 per acre, all through Caldwell County. Our talkative Ohio man explained that he had 249½ acres mostly cultivated, with an excellent dwelling-house, barn, well of good water, live fences, etc., and indeed his place looked very tempting and desirable. "Well," said he, "\$38 per acre, or \$6,500 will

take it all." He was very anxious to sell.

After walking until quite late in the evening, we put up for the night with a farmer (Mr. Sprague), near the village of Mirabile, and this morning we continued to Far West, arriving here about 11 o'clock a. m.

We took dinner with Jacob D. Whitmer, who has the best farm and improvements, embracing the very best portion of old Far West, including the Temple block. He would like to sell out for \$50 per acre, and it is remarkable to see the spirit of selling out. The whole people, so far as we can learn, feel as though they have no desire to live in the country. Elder Stevenson pointed out a portion of the Whitmer field which his widowed mother was compelled to leave unsold; also some timber land on Goose Creek, within one mile of Far West, where General Lucas' mob camped 50 years ago. Many of those now in possession of the lands in Caldwell County would be puzzled to show a clear chain of title from the government. Perhaps this is one great cause for the mania of selling out this once very desirable land.

What a contrast in the price of real estate where the "Mormons" now reside, as compared with this Eden! One corner lot in Salt Lake City which has been transformed from a barren sage brush desert would sell for sufficient to purchase the whole of Far West city plot as it now stands—a city of weeds and grass.

Far West was laid out in 1836, and consisted of the southwest quarter of section 11, southeast quarter of section 10, northeast quarter of section 15 and northwest quarter of sec-

tion 14, all in township 56, range 29, containing 640 acres. The blocks were 396 feet square. There were four main streets, 132 feet wide; all other streets were 82½ feet in width. Six hundred and forty acres at Mr. Whitmer's highest figure, \$50 per acre, would amount to \$32,000. A certain party refused \$62,000 for his corner lot in Salt Lake City quite recently.

We dare say that a similar state of affairs exists at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois.

It is a fact that wherever the "Mormons" go, even in the desert, a thousand miles out into the wilderness, as the ancient Prophets have foretold, they make the solitary place glad and the desert to blossom as the rose.

One old barn is all the building that remains of the original town of Far West, excepting a portion of Joseph Smith's old frame house which has been removed from its original foundation and rebuilt on the main road leading south. We crossed Goose Creek, one mile south of Far West. Shoal Creek is one mile north and both streams unite about three miles southeast of Far West. We found the Temple excavation west of Mr. Whitmer's house, tracing each corner stone distinctly except the northeast, which was rather difficult to find.

We sat upon the corner stone of the future Far West Temple, while we wrote in our journals and offered prayers. The Temple site embracing three acres is fenced in by itself.

While sitting on the southeast corner stone reflecting upon the scenes which took place on that memorable spot fifty years ago, it was moved,

seconded and carried unanimously by all present (the number being three Elders from Zion), that we continue to importune at the throne of grace that the Lord will remember the waste places of Zion and permit his Saints to erect the contemplated Temple at Far West in the near future, and also enable them to build a city and organize a Stake of Zion there. In walking over the excavation made for the Temple our minds naturally reverted back to July 3, 1837, when the ground was first broken, and to July 4, 1838 (a little more than fifty years ago), when the corner stones were laid with grand ceremonies under the direction of the Prophet Joseph. We also remembered the secret conference held on the Temple ground early on the morning of April 26, 1839, when our veteran President, Apostle Wilford Woodruff, and the late George A. Smith were ordained to their high and holy callings as Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In standing upon the prominence a little south of the Temple overlooking the Goose Creek country southward, we imagined seeing the haughty General Samuel D. Lucas emerging from the timber with his mob-militia and form in line of battle before the now extinct town. We imagined seeing the Prophet of God with his brethren betrayed into the hands of the enemy, and hearing the oaths and cursings of the mobbers as the prisoners entered their ranks like lambs given away to be devoured by wolves. We walked to the brow of the hill where it is supposed the brethren formed in line of battle, endeavoring to make a brave stand in defending their homes, wives and children, their rights and sacred

honor, against a foe which outnumbered them ten to one. O, how lonesome we felt when we contemplated the sad scene. Then turning our faces northward, looking over what was once the public square of Far West, we thought of General Clark's infamous speech, of our brethren being compelled to stack their arms and become prisoners of war, and finally to see their town pillaged, their cattle shot down, and in some instances witness their wives and daughters defiled by demons in the shape of human beings. But the spirit whispered: "Be calm, 'vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'" And we felt to say that the wrongs of Far West are not forgotten by the Righteous Judge of all.

After dinner Mr. Jacob D. Whitmer, with a good fleet team, conveyed us seven miles to Kingston, the county seat, on our way to Haun's Mill.

We have been treated well and have met with kindness on every hand. Many Ohio people have built up comfortable homes in Caldwell County, and improved some parts of the county, but are not satisfied with their homes.

EDWARD STEVENSON,  
ANDREW JENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 7.

Description of the Scene of the Haun's Mill Massacre.

GALLATIN, DAVIESS CO., MO.,  
September 16, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Leaving Far West, the Haun's Mill site was next on our traveling programme, and as the distance to it



was nearly twenty-two miles the way the roads now run, and there is no railway connection, we found it necessary yesterday to hire a team in Kingston, the county seat of Caldwell, and travel to the little village of Catawba, in Fairview Township, where we put up for the night.

Early this morning we set out on foot going in a northerly direction toward Shoal Creek. After walking a mile and a half, we turned aside to the house of Mr. James G. Mackey, who proved to be a good-hearted old Kentuckian, for as soon as we had asked him to direct us to the old Haun's Mill site, he kindly volunteered to accompany us to the spot. Says he: "Gentlemen, I believe in equal rights, I have been oppressed and imposed upon myself, and I know how it is, and I never did approve of the way your people were treated in this country." He took us through the woods and fields direct to the old mill-site, and where "Mormontown," as the Missourians called the now extinct town, was situated on the left bank or north side of Shoal Creek. This stream is the largest in Caldwell County, and is about three rods wide where the mill stood. At present there is but a very little water in it, but judging from the high water marks everywhere visible on its banks, and the narrow strip of low-lands on the north side, we should judge it capable of rising at least twenty feet during the rainy season. As a remnant of the old mill-dam there are still five large pieces of timber left in the middle of the creek. On the south bank the mill-dam originally rested, upon a solid ledge of rock, which, of course, is still there. The mill stood on the opposite bank. We had no difficulty

in crossing the creek dry-shod, and after doing so we began to search for the old well into which the bodies of nineteen of our brethren were thrown, after being cruelly murdered by the mob on the day of the massacre, Oct. 30, 1838. By the assistance of a neighbor we soon found the place, which is designated by an old mill-stone, formerly belonging to Jacob Haun's mill. This was placed there last fall by a Mr. Fuller, of Adair County, Mo., a son of Josiah Fuller, one of the brethren killed at the massacre. This Mr. Fuller came to hunt his father's resting place, being accompanied by Mr. Charles R. Ross, of Cowgill, Caldwell County, who assisted in burying the bodies, or at least in filling up the well, some time after the massacre took place. Mr. Ross knew where the place was, but in order to be sure he and Mr. Fuller dug down a few feet until they became satisfied that it was the right spot. They then moved the old mill-stone, which had been lying for more than forty years near the old mill-site, and placed it edgeways on the memorable grave. We made a thorough survey of the premises and found the well to be just ninety-four yards northwest of the old mill-dam, and in the shade of four young elm trees, overgrown with wild grapevines. We also took particular notice of a high bank of yellow clay on the south side of the creek, immediately below the mill-site. Hence, if the few remaining timbers of the old dam in course of time should entirely disappear, this landmark could easily determine the exact location.

Mr. Mackey also showed us the spot where, at the time of the massacre, the old blacksmith shop stood,

in which so many of our brethren were butchered in the most merciless manner, and the place where Mr. Rogers literally cut to pieces Thomas McBride, the old Revolutionary soldier, with a corn-cutter. Our guides also pointed out the direction from which the mob came, where they first opened fire as they approached the little settlement from the north, and where the defenceless women and children fled up the opposite bank of the stream. "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth."

The grounds on the north side of Shoal Creek where the settlement stood is now owned by Mr. John B. Lallen, who lives about a quarter of a mile northwest from the mill-site. The only building standing on or near the old town site is a small frame house, once owned by the above named Charles R. Ross, of Cowgill.

The region around Shoal Creek, where Haun's Mill stood, is much heavier timbered than it was fifty years ago, and a fine grove of locust trees now covers the site of old "Mormontown." A resident of Kingston, who yesterday pointed out to us a number of farms once owned by the Saints, said, that in going through Caldwell County, he could always distinguish the old "Mormon" homesteads from all others. We asked him to describe to us the difference between "Mormon" farms and others. "Well," said he, "nearly every one of the Mormons planted locust trees around their buildings which was something the Missourians never thought of doing, and these have now grown and spread, until there are locust groves nearly on

every farm where the Mormons resided."

Nearly all who participated in the massacre are now dead, or have moved away, so that their whereabouts, if alive, are not known. Some of the murderers have died in disgrace and shame, haunted by their consciences until their last hours. Others have boasted of their dastardly deeds, until they have been smitten with sickness and misery, in the midst of which they would curse God and die.

The notorious Col. Wm. O. Jennings, who commanded the mob at the massacre, was assassinated in Chillicothe, Livingston County, Mo., in the evening of Jan. 30, 1862, by an unknown person, who shot him on the street with a revolver or musket as the colonel was going home after dark. He died the next day in great agony. The shooting occurred on Calhoun Street, a little northwest of the present county jail in Chillicothe. Nehemiah Comstock, another leader of the mob who committed the murders, expired years ago in Livingston County as a good-for-nothing drunkard. His mother was also a drunkard and died a pauper and in the midst of misery in a Kentucky poor-house.

After offering our prayers by the rude tombstone on the ground of the massacre, and having made proper entries in our memoranda books, we left the fatal spot on Shoal Creek and traveled partly by team and partly on foot to Breckenridge, a fine little town in the northeast corner of Caldwell County. From there we took train to Chillicothe, Livingston County, and thence to Gallatin, Daviess County, where we arrived about sundown to-day. To-morrow

we expect to visit Adam-on-di-Ahman.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 8.

The Town of Gallatin, Daviess Co.—Visit to Adam-on-di-Ahman.—Remains of an Ancient Altar.

ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN, DAVIESS CO.,

MISSOURI, Sept. 17, 1888.

*President Franklin D. Richards:*

Dear Brother:—Agreeable to a desire expressed by you on the day we were set apart for our mission that we would remember you when standing upon the altar at Adam-on-di-Ahman, we now comply with your request by writing you a few lines on the very spot you mentioned. So far our journey has been successful in every respect. We have visited Independence, Richmond, the Crooked River battle ground, Far West, the Haun's Mill site, and now this place, and have succeeded in gathering considerable information which we trust will be of benefit to the Saints of God in the future. It surely has been satisfactory to ourselves. We feel that the Lord has blessed us, and that He is pleased with our efforts, for a spirit of peace and happiness has rested upon us continually, and the way has been opened before us wherever we have visited to obtain the historical information we have desired, for which we glorify God. We find but a few of the old mobocrats of Missouri around here now. Many of them have died and others moved away. In Caldwell County we found this to be the case nearly all over, and the majority of the present population there hail

mainly from Ohio and Kentucky. Also this new class of settlers are almost universally possessed of the spirit of moving away; hence farms and lots are everywhere for sale. A number of people who perhaps at first have taken us for land speculators have repeatedly offered us their farms, and some of the very best homesteads in the country have been thus offered us very cheap. We have told all such that we are not ready to buy yet.

We arrived in Gallatin, Daviess County, last night and put up at a hotel. In the evening one of our number called on Major McGee, an old resident of Gallatin, who took part in the troubles with the Saints in 1838, and was taken prisoner by the "Mormons" at that time. He gave us some valuable information in regard to the past, and pointed out to us the identical spot where the house stood in which the election was held Aug. 6, 1838, and also where the fight took place between the mob and our brethren who on that memorable day wished to cast their votes as free American citizens. He said the town of Gallatin at that time contained only about four houses; now there is quite a respectable town of 1,500 inhabitants. The major also showed us where Jacob Stollings' old store stood before it was burned during the difficulties in October, 1838, and, upon inquiry, said the "Mormons," while keeping him (McGee) and a companion prisoners, treated them well. He said Joseph Smith was a fine man, physically and socially, and related quite an amusing incident about how a certain man who considered himself the champion of Daviess County was thrown by the Prophet three times in a wrest-



ling match. We asked him what in his opinion (looking back at this late day upon the scenes of fifty years ago) was the cause of the troubles between the Missourians and the "Mormons." He replied that he thought some of the Saints were to blame for teasing the other inhabitants with the doctrine that they (the Saints) were the rightful heirs to the whole country, because they were Saints of the Most High; but he knew of no horse-stealing or any kind of lawlessness being perpetrated by the "Mormons" prior to the time of the troubles of 1838. During the fracas, however, he said they burned nearly all the houses in the country belonging to the Missourians.

Altogether the major manifested a spirit of fairness, but of course leaned to the side of the Missourians, trying to justify them as much as possible in what they had done. Both Millport, three miles east, and Adam-ondi-Ahman, five miles northwest of Gallatin, are extinct, and the new settlers or the younger part of the population are entirely ignorant of such towns ever having existed, which we experienced by inquiring for the roads leading to them. Until we saw the major nobody could give us the least information about them.

We left our lodgings this morning and walked three miles to Grand River at a point due north of Gallatin. Finding no boat on the south side, one of us (Elder Jenson) waded the stream and brought a boat from the north side in which the other two crossed in safety.

We then crossed the Grand River bottom, passing through some very rich farms in which a splendid crop of Indian corn, melons, tomatoes and other vegetables were maturing. Af-

ter reaching the heights on the north we passed through a beautiful grove of timber, and finally reached Sarah A. McDonald's farm house, located on the old site of Adam-ondi-Ahman. This is, in fact, Lyman Wight's old house, somewhat renovated, but the same logs and part of the roof is still there. It is the only house on the old town-site which has changed somewhat in appearance during the past fifty years, because of the heavy growth of timber on what was formerly open prairie land. Nearly the entire length of the heights from the old Adam-ondi-Ahman hill eastward is a dense forest. We walked up the hill and soon found the remnants of an ancient altar on the top of what is supposed to be the highest point in the neighborhood. The McDonald's thought the top of the knoll was about 100 feet above Grand River. They also said that a number of people had visited the place during the last few years from sheer curiosity, wishing to see the spot where the "deluded Mormons" say Father Adam was buried. It may here be stated that the author of a history of Daviess County (published in 1882) among other trash which he dishes up about the "Mormons," states that Joseph Smith pointed out the Adam-ondi-Ahman hill as Adam's grave. We asked Mrs. McDonald if she believed Adam was buried there. She replied in the negative. "Neither do we believe it," said we, which seemed to astonish her. We then related our theory in regard to the place and asked her kindly to give future visitors the more correct information that we now gave her.

We have spent about three hours on the altar writing letters and making notes, and each of us have

prayed in turn, asking our heavenly Father to remember the waste places of Zion and cause the way to be opened for the building of the city of Adam-ondi-Ahman, that the Stake of Zion once organized here by the Prophet Joseph may be reorganized at some future day never more to become disorganized, and the Saints be permitted to possess the land forever in peace. We also remembered the Apostles and all the authorities of the Church in the mountains and prayed for the redemption of Zion, the downfall of Babylon, and that the Lord would hasten the day that Zion shall be free and her children enjoy their privileges and rights. We felt a heavenly influence resting upon us when we poured out our hearts before God, and we felt to thank Him for Prophets and Apostles, for the revelations given in these the latter days and the knowledge we had received through them, without which we would have been in ignorance in regard to what had transpired in the past in this holy land. Elder Stevenson who, when a youth, had visited the place several times, remembered the lay of the country perfectly well. In the time of the trouble, previous to the Saints being driven out, he had served in the ranks of the defenders, and now related to his companions a number of incidents transpiring in those days.

The mound or ruins of the ancient altar on the top of the Adam-ondi-Ahman hill measures 36 feet in diameter. A large number of rock fragments which no doubt were once a part of the altar, lies scattered all around. Immediately northwest of the mound stands a large hackberry tree, while a small ash and also

a black walnut shade it from the southeast. The western slope of this hill is quite rocky and a sort of prickly pear (similar to that found in the Rocky Mountains) grows among the rocks all the way from the McDonald fence to the top of the hill. We were informed that this prickly pear was not known to grow in any other part of Missouri. On both sides of the Grand River the land for several miles back is considerably broken and hilly. This is on account of the numerous small creeks emptying into Grand River having during the past centuries cut through the land, making steep slopes on either side; but further back from the river the traveler meets with gently rolling and very fertile prairies and timber land. In the valley of the Grand we have seen some of the finest corn fields we ever beheld. A large field belonging to the McDonald estate, we were informed, will yield all of one hundred bushels to the acre this season.

We start for Liberty to-morrow. From there we go to Kansas City, to continue our journey further east.

With kindest regards we remain your brethren and fellow-laborers,

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 9.

Liberty Jail.—A Description of its Present Appearance.—Anecdotes of the Prophet.  
—The Town of Liberty.

LIBERTY, CLAY CO., Mo.,  
September 18, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Leaving Adam-ondi-Ahman yesterday afternoon, we passed through the rich fields in the valley of the

Grand southward until we came to the river. After making an unsuccessful attempt to get into and cross with a leaky skiff, we found fording more safe and expedient, and although the water was somewhat deep, we reached the opposite shore in safety, and made our way through forests and fields back to Gallatin, where we arrived too late for the evening westbound train; consequently we spent another night in the chief town of Daviess County.

This morning early we took train for Cameron, a fine city in Clinton County, where we changed cars and continued our journey to Liberty, Clay County, arriving here at 11 a. m.

Without any difficulty we found the old jail where Joseph and his brethren were incarcerated from November, 1838, to April, 1839. By the assistance of a colored neighbor we soon succeeded in gaining an entrance to the interior of the half-tumble-down building, which we found very filthy indeed, filled with cobwebs and insects of numerous kinds which had their abode in the rotten timbers. Mr. Theodore Shively, who has charge of the property for the present owner (Mortimer Dearing, a wealthy banker of Kansas City), told us that the jail had not been opened and entered until to-day for many years. The smell from the decaying timber and dead insects was something sickening, and a couple of minutes' stay there made us wish for the fresh air outside. How the Prophet and his fellow-prisoners could endure life in such a hole for upwards of five months is more than we can comprehend. Of course it was not so filthy then, but the openings for ventilation and light seem to have been so

small that it cannot possibly have been a healthy abode for human beings at any time. We found the space inside to measure about 14½ feet from east to west, and 14 feet from north to south. From the basement floor to the ceiling we should judge it to be about 14 feet, two feet of which is under ground. The middle floor, which, while Joseph and his fellow-prisoners were there, divided the space into an upper and lower story, has been torn away, but we could see where it had been, and should say that the cell or lower room at that time measured 6½ feet, and the upper about 7 feet from floor to ceiling.

Joseph and his fellow-prisoners were confined in the upper room. The only openings giving light and ventilation to the cell part are two very small grated windows through the wall, one on the south and another on the north side. These openings, each of which has a heavy square iron bar running horizontally through the middle, are two feet wide and six inches high. Above them there are, near the roof, two larger openings, two feet in width and one foot in height, giving light and air to the upper story. In each of these two upper windows there are five square iron bars standing perpendicularly and fastened very securely in the timbers of the building. In fact the whole structure is a double building, the inner being built of hewn oak logs about a foot square and the outside of rock. The floor and ceiling are constructed of the same material, thus making a huge wooden box. The rock walls are two feet thick, and in building them a space of about one foot was left between the rock and timber,



which space was filled up with loose rock. Thus it will be seen that the prison walls are virtually four feet thick. Several loads of rock were also placed on top of the log ceiling, in order to make escape through the roof impossible. The outside dimensions of the building are:  $22\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, 22 feet wide and 12 feet high to the square. The door is on the east end, facing the street, and is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet high and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and opens to what was the upper apartment. The west gable and most of the west wall have tumbled down, and also part of the north wall, thus leaving the timber or inside structure partly exposed. The east wall and gable are in a good state of preservation, and only one corner of the south wall is torn down. The building stands on the west side of what is known as Main Street, one-and-a-half blocks north of the northwest corner of the Liberty court-house square. It stands back from the street about 20 feet, on an uncultivated acre lot, which the owner has offered to sell for \$2,500, but no one seems to care for purchasing the property. To reach the building from the street we had to make a path through the thick growth of grass and weeds. Some of the latter, being more than six feet high, partly hid the building from view.

We also learned from official sources that the old jail continued to be used as a prison until about the year 1856, when it was deemed unsafe, and for a couple of years and more Clay County criminals were sent to Platte City, in the neighboring county on the west, for safekeeping. In 1858 the present Liberty court-house was erected, with apartments for prisoners. For years

afterwards the old jail was utilized as an ice-house, but has not been used for any purpose whatever during the last decennium or more. The roof fell in years ago, and the rock wall is crumbling down more and more every season, so there is every reason to believe that in a few years, even if permitted to stand as it does now, there will be nothing but a heap of rocks and rotten timber left to designate the place where this historic building stood. We secured the aid of a photographer, who took a very good negative, showing the ruins as they stand at the present time.

Having made all the observations we wanted around the jail, we visited a number of the old settlers of the town, among whom were Col. Luke W. Burris, a county official, Ben. H. Stean, a bright business man, James H. Ford, an ex-official, Dr. Marsh and others. Mr. Ford is 72 years old, served as deputy sheriff of Clay County in 1838-39, and had Joseph Smith and fellow-prisoners under his charge during their incarceration, acting under the direction of Samuel Hadley, the county sheriff. On many occasions he had taken the prisoners out one at a time for walks around the town, in order to give them an opportunity to enjoy the fresh air and get better meals than the jail fare allowed. On these walks he had often had lengthy conversations with the Prophet, who to him appeared to be far above the average of man in intelligence, and seemed to be very deep and thoughtful, although good-natured and even jocular in his manners. He had never looked upon Joseph Smith and his friends in prison as real criminals, but ascribed their incarceration

mainly to the excitement and bigotry of the times. Mr. Ford remembered the time when the prisoners tried to break jail, and said he discharged his pistol on that occasion, but hoped he did not hurt anybody. This is evidently the shot fired after Cyrus Daniels, one of the visiting brethren, who fell into a hole just as the report of a pistol was heard, and a ball came whistling by. Mr. Ford said that in stopping the prisoners from getting out he also struck a heavy blow at the head of a boyish-looking man, whose name he believed was Snow.

Mr. Ford also accompanied the prisoners to Gallatin, Daviess County, in April, 1839, and said when they arrived there, they were handed over to some half-a-dozen of the strongest and roughest men of Daviess County, who at first crowded the prisoners into a corner of a room, refusing to allow them any liberties at all, but after a little, when they began to converse with the prisoners, they became quiet sociable with them, and a reputed champion wrestler of Daviess County wanted to try strength with the "Mormon" Prophet. Joseph excused himself, saying he was a prisoner and could not engage in exercises of that kind under the circumstances; but finally, through the solicitations of the guard and the man promising not to get angry if he was thrown, Joseph consented to wrestle with him. Consequently a ring was made and the two stepped forth. The Missourian took recourse to all the trickery known to him in the art of wrestling, but was unsuccessful in his attempts to throw Joseph. Finally the latter gathered up his strength, made a first real attempt and threw

his opponent flat upon his back in a pool of water. This made the fellow mad, although he had agreed not to get offended if thrown, and he wished to fight, but the guard interfered and the Daviess County champion was much humiliated afterwards in being made the object of considerable ridicule on the part of his companions, he having previously boasted that he could easily throw Joseph Smith.

We asked Mr. Ford if he knew anything about human flesh having been offered the prisoners. He answered emphatically no. So far as his knowledge went, such a thing was not even thought of, much less done. We suggested that it might possibly have been done without his knowledge, but he thought not. Samuel Tillery, he said, was the man who boarded the prisoners, and he did not believe him guilty of such an act. Mr. Ford was satisfied that the prisoners were treated humanely throughout, and given all the attention and privileges the law and circumstances would allow.

Liberty is now a town of 2,500 inhabitants. There was a boom here a few years ago, but it is gone down and with it the price of property. Two weekly papers, one democratic and the other republican, are published here; there are a number of substantial brick stores and handsome private residences. On a hill immediately east of the court-house stands the William Jewell College, claimed to be one of the best institutions of learning in Western Missouri. We did not here find that animosity of feeling toward the Saints among the old settlers that we did in Ray and Daviess Counties, and in alluding to this we told some of the leading men, with whom we con-

versed, that the Saints in Utah always remembered with gratitude the kind treatment the "Mormons" received by the citizens of Clay County in the years 1833-34, after their expulsion from Jackson County. This seemed to please them, and they told us in return that they had no ill-feeling toward the "Mormons." It could amount to no more than a difference in religious opinion anyway, and they agreed with us that men should not hate, persecute or kill each other because of religion, but rather in meekness and a spirit of kindness try to enlighten each other, and always be willing to allow the free exercise of conscience, as long as the common rights of humanity were not infringed upon in the name of religion.

We have been asked many questions in regard to whether the "Mormons" ever expect to come back to Missouri to live. We have answered, "Yes, they will most assuredly come back when the proper time comes; but we can afford to wait until the Lord opens the way."

Several have remarked that immediately after the civil war would have been a very good time for the Saints to have returned, as lands then could be bought very cheap, nearly the whole country having been reduced to a wilderness. A great many who possess imperfect titles on account of original entries being made by "Mormons" who never sold their property, feel somewhat uneasy, thinking perhaps that if these original owners should assert their rights, there might be trouble, and in some instances that may be one reason why people are so anxious to sell.

We start for Kansas City this

evening, and from there will continue our journey to Chattanooga tomorrow.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 10.

Journey Eastward.—Passage Through Several Southern States.—Yellow Fever in Alabama.—Visits about Chattanooga, Tenn.—Voyage from Norfolk, Va., to New York.

NEW YORK, September 26, 1888.  
*Editor Deseret News:*

Elders Stevenson, Black and Jensen left Kansas City on Wednesday, the 19th inst., for New York. The first 487 miles' travel through the States of Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, occupying nearly a day and a night, was uneventful. We passed through some very rich and fertile and, also through considerable poor and unproductive country. Southwestern Missouri is but very thinly inhabited, and eastern Arkansas consists chiefly of swamps and forests, with only here and there a spot made desirable through human labor. The country is very unhealthy, and most of the inhabitants are negroes. We crossed the Mississippi River to Memphis, Tennessee, a city of 75,000 inhabitants. The great Father of Waters at this point is nearly a mile and a half wide. Owing to the competition with the railroad lines, steamboat traffic on the American rivers is almost a thing of the past. Hurrying through the world, as most people in this great land of ours now do, there are only a few who have patience enough to enjoy the comparatively slow passages which steamboats afford; they al-



most invariably prefer to risk life and property on those railroad lines advertising and running the fastest trains. Consequently we saw only one steamboat about Memphis, besides the ferryboats, one of which brought us across the river in 15 minutes.

The city of Memphis will be remembered by many of the Saints in Utah who emigrated from Europe years ago and came by way of New Orleans and St. Louis on their Zionward journey. It was already then quite an important town, but much larger now, and it expects to double the number of its present inhabitants in a few years, as the place is enjoying a real boom—not like the one we had in Salt Lake City last spring, but a real increase of capital, property and population. Ten years ago Memphis became almost depopulated through the ravages of the yellow fever, and it took a long time before the effects thereof ceased to be felt, but now the sanitary regulations and sewage system have been brought to such a degree of perfection that the inhabitants claim Memphis to be as healthy as any place in the Southern States.

We continued our journey with a Memphis and Charleston Railway train through the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, to Chattanooga, Tenn., where we arrived safe and well in the evening of the 20th, but not without adventure. In Decatur, a north Alabama city on our route of travel, yellow fever had broken out a few days previous, and the whole country was wild with excitement and fear in consequence thereof. Up to the time we passed, only two deaths had occurred from the terrible malady,

and there were only a few other cases, but this was enough to cause a general stampede. Of a population of about 5,000 souls, only a very small percentage remained, and that chiefly of negroes. All who could possibly get away had fled in terror to more healthy climes. At the little station of Trinity, four miles west of Decatur, our train was boarded by a physician, who gave orders to lock every door and close every window of the cars in which we were, after which we passed slowly through the illfated city, where every store that we could see from the railway track was closed, and the streets, save for a few straggling negroes, appeared empty and desolate. After crossing the Tennessee River, east of Decatur, we were again permitted to inhale the fresh air admitted through the reopened windows. But our troubles were not yet over. A few miles east of Decatur is the flourishing city of Huntsville, a noted summer resort for Southerners. Fearing the importation of yellow fever, that lively municipality had quarantined against Decatur the day previous, and as our train had passed through—although in shape something like a funeral procession—the local board of physicians inferred that it possibly might be infected through the presence of a young man from Decatur who had got on board at the little town of Trinity previously named. He had been spotted by a detective who, unknown to anyone, was on board our train. Consequently, when we arrived at Huntsville, passengers who had purchased tickets for that place were not permitted to get off. This caused quite a discussion, and some angry words between the conductor and health

officers. The young Decatur man, contrary to his will, was taken up to a mountain station beyond Huntsville, and then finally permitted to leave the train with a reprimand from the conductor. But Chattanooga had in the meantime become alarmed lest the deadly epidemic should be imparted to her people, and while traveling through the mountains between Stevenson and Chattanooga, a quarantine officer passed through our train and had all the passengers give their names and ages and also state under oath where they were from, where they were going, and particularly where they had spent the last fifteen days of their lives. It was a great relief to us when the officer got through and announced that we could pass on as there was no one from the pest infected districts on board. By looking over our notes we found that we this day had breakfasted in Arkansas, dined in Mississippi, lunched in Alabama and taken supper in Tennessee. Such is railway travel.

Having arrived at Chattanooga, we tried to find the office of the Southern States mission, but being unsuccessful, as it was very late in the evening, we put up at the Read House, where we had very comfortable quarters for the night.

The next morning Elder Wm. Spry, President of the Southern States mission, accompanied by Elder Smith, of Colorado, visited us at the hotel, we having succeeded in informing him by mail of our arrival. He afterwards accompanied us on our journey about 150 miles or as far as Rogersville Junction; he was going out to hold a conference meeting. He gave us a general outline of the condition of the Southern States

Mission, which embraces all that portion of the United States lying south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi Rivers. This vast territory is divided into twelve conferences, namely, the East, West and Middle Tennessee, South and North Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina and North Carolina. At present there are 112 Valley Elders in the mission, mostly young men who are laboring with a zeal and energy worthy of their high and noble calling. There is considerable persecution in some parts of the mission, principally in Tennessee, where four Elders were brutally whipped a short time ago. But taking it altogether, the prospects for a successful missionary campaign next winter are very good, as a great many of the inhabitants of the South are investigating the principles of the Gospel very earnestly. There are at the present time about fifteen hundred Saints in the mission.

We spent half a day in Chattanooga and vicinity, and managed to find just time enough to make a trip to the celebrated Lookout Mountain, where during the late civil war the famous battle above the clouds was fought between the Confederates under General Bragg and the Federals under General Hooker, the latter gaining the victory. Lookout Mountain is one of the highest points in the Southern States, the summit being about 2,640 feet above sea level, and 1,800 above the bed of the Tennessee River, which winds through the narrows below and forms immediately north of the base of the mountain the world-renowned Moccasin Bend. The mountain is reached by traveling three miles with street

car from Chattanooga to the beautiful village of St. Elmo; then by cable car up an incline 4,500 feet long, to the grand six-story hotel, recently built on the slope of the mountain facing Chattanooga; thence by rail (dummy road) to Sunset, near the summit of the mountain. The ascent is made in a few minutes. A few hundred feet below Sunset Station is the famous Sunset Rock, standing out boldly from the west side of the mountain and perpendicular to the height of several hundred feet. Even to us who have seen so many Rocky Mountain cliffs the sight was a delightful one. A new building, which we believe is intended for a photograph gallery, stands boldly on the outermost edge of the rock. Returning to the mountain hotel we climbed a rocky stairway to the summit of Pulpit Rock, where Jefferson Davis delivered a remarkable speech to 14,000 confederate soldiers a short time before the mountain was taken by the federals. At the time he delivered this speech, the position occupied by the two opposing armies was exceedingly favorable to the confederates, and Jefferson Davis, alluding to the small army of federals stationed in and around Chattanooga, said that they (the confederates) had now got the Yankees just where they wanted them, and that a glorious victory to the South would naturally be the result. But the trouble was, the Yankees did not stay where President Davis wanted them, for a few days later, through a successful manœuvre on the part of the Union soldiers and by a remarkable quick transportation of a large body of troops from different parts, the confederates were not only driven from their po-

sitions on Lookout Mountain, but also from their strongholds on Missionary Ridge; not, however, without immense losses on both sides.

Time did not permit us to visit the National Cemetery and other points of interest around Chattanooga, but the beautiful bird's eye view of the Valley of the Tennessee and surrounding country enjoyed by us from the top of Lookout Mountain will long be remembered.

About 11 o'clock p. m. we were again comfortably seated in the cars and continued our journey eastward. Just before entering the city of Greenville, East Tennessee, our attention was drawn to a grand monument standing on the right, on a piece of elevated ground, designating the spot where rests the remains of the late President Andrew Johnson. It was raised by his family and is said to have cost \$100,000.

At 8 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Bristol, an important city on the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia, its main street being the State line. On Saturday evening we arrived safely at Norfolk, having traveled 2,872 miles, mostly by rail, since we left Salt Lake City.

Norfolk is an important seaport town in the old Dominion, and a great deal of business is done here. We enjoyed the privilege of sailing out of the harbor by moonlight on board the steamer *Guyandotte*, and the sights, as we left the Norfolk harbor, and subsequently passed Newport News, Hampton, Old Point Comfort and Cape Charles on the left, and the Rip Raps, Cape Henry and the Virginia shore on our right, were indeed grand and lovely. After leaving the Chesapeake Bay and emerging into the open ocean, the ship



commenced to rock a little, and some of the passengers began to feel dizzy, but we had in reality a very fine night.

The next morning, September 23rd, found us sailing off Cape May, New Jersey, after which our course lay near the shore of that State, bringing us in full view of Atlantic City, Long Branch, and finally Sandy Hook, which we passed about dark. We landed safely in New York at 11 p. m., and put up for the night at Smith & McNell's Hotel. We were ushered into dark and dreary rooms under the roof, and otherwise treated in a manner that didn't suit us. Consequently, we changed our quarters to the Stevens House, where we at this writing are located very comfortably.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 11.

The Bartholdi Statue.—A Detailed Description of Its Inception, Construction and Erection.

PALMYRA, WAYNE CO., NEW YORK,  
September 27, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

We spent three days in New York City taking in the sights, visiting museums, parks, cemeteries, etc., but we shall only relate a few facts which we learned from authentic sources, in regard to the great Bartholdi statue on Bedloe's Island, which we visited the day before yesterday. This island, about a mile in circumference, and containing 13½ acres of land, lies at the western edge of the upper New York Bay, about two miles from the Battery.

It was known in the early days of New York as Love Island, and acquired its present title when it was sold by Admiral Kennedy of the British Navy (who occupied it as a summer residence) to a member of the old and esteemed Bedloe family of New York. It became the property of the United States government early in the present century, and was considered very valuable for the purpose of harbor defense. Fort Wood, whose granite sides now form an admirable base for the pedestal on which stands the statue of Liberty, was partly built in 1814, and finished in 1840. The present garrison consists of 42 men. There are quite a number of heavy pieces of artillery on the fort wall, and about half a dozen buildings used by the soldiery and lighthouse tenders stand back of the statue. Shading an old graveyard, inclosed with an old iron fence, a huge weeping willow, the trunk of which is sixteen feet in circumference, drew our special attention. It seemed to be very old.

By special favor of Lieut. E. M. Lewis, the military commander of the island, we were permitted to ascend to the head of the colossal statue. The public generally is only admitted to the top of the pedestal. Standing inside the head, at an elevation of about 300 feet, and looking out through the row of windows representing diadems in the crown encircling the forehead, we had a most magnificent view of New York harbor and the cities situated around it. Sergeant James Blake, an intelligent and gentlemanly officer, was our guide. To reach the head we had to ascend a spiral stairway, containing 164 steps. The iron steps leading up through the arm to

the torch light is not yet completed, and we were therefore unable to ascend that far. But in getting permission to ascend to the head our guide said that it was a privilege many would be pleased to pay \$10 for.

The material underlying the foundation of the pedestal is compact clay, gravel and boulders. The foundation up to the terrace level—where the pedestal proper begins—is of solid concrete; it is 90 feet square at the bottom, and 65 feet square at the top and 52 feet 11 inches high. In the centre of the mass is a well hole 10 feet square. The pedestal is built of granite, backed with concrete. The principal dimensions are as follows: From high water mark to top of sea wall, 10 feet; from top of sea wall to foot of pedestal, 50 feet 10 inches; from foot to top of pedestal, 89 feet; total from water level to top of pedestal, 149 feet 10 inches. The base of the pedestal is 62 feet and the top 43½ feet square. The statue is fastened to the pedestal in a very ingenious manner, but space will not permit us to describe it here. The height of the statue from the heel to top of head is 111 feet; height of head 13½ feet; width of eye, 28 inches; length of nose, 3 feet 9 inches. The length of the forefinger is 3 feet 9 inches; the finger nail, 1.14 by 0.85 feet; and the circumference of the finger at the second joint, 4 feet 9 inches. The torch light is 305 feet above water level.

The statue covering is made of repousse copper,  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch thick. The envelope is kept in position by iron plates and braces riveting it to a framework. Each section of the shell is so supported from the frame that it will not be forced to carry

the weight of any of the section above it, in other words it is self-sustaining. The head will easily accommodate forty persons, and the torch will hold twelve persons. This torch contains five electric lamps of 30,000 candle power. The total weight of the statue is 440,000 pounds of which 176,000 are copper and the remainder wrought iron. Including gifts, gratuitous work and losses sustained by those who gave valuable assistance, the approximate cost of building it is \$200,000.

The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island is the offspring of a sublime idea, and its progress was watched from its inception to its final completion with great interest by all the civilized nations of the world. It was on an evening in the summer of 1865 that the idea of the Statue of Liberty was first conceived. There was on that occasion in M. Laboulaye's charming retreat, Glavigny, near Versailles, France, a gathering of prominent French politicians and journalists, and the talk fell upon international relations, and M. Laboulaye, in alluding to the friendly feelings which had always existed between the French and American people, suggested that a monument be built in America as a token of this friendship. But the Franco-Prussian war came on, and for the time being the idea was dropped. Immediately after the war, M. Bartholdi, one of the ablest sculptors and artists of France, and a native of Alsace (which by the war was ceded to Germany), was enlisted in the cause, and his friend, Laboulaye, backed by a number of other distinguished men, said to the artist: "Go to America, study it, bring back your impressions. Pro-

pose to our friends over there to make with us a monument, a common work in remembrance of the ancient friendship of France and the United States. We will take up a subscription in France. If you find a happy idea, a plan that will excite public enthusiasm, we are convinced that it will be successful on both continents, and we will do a work that will have a far-reaching, moral effect."

Fired with the idea which he embraced with all the ardor of his French and artistic temperament, Bartholdi started for America. No sooner had he reached the harbor of New York than he discovered what he thought the proper place for the monument—Bedloe's Island. He traveled extensively in the United States, met with much encouragement, made a sketch of his project, and on his return to France placed it before his friends. An appeal, which met with a hearty response, was issued throughout France, and the birth of the work was celebrated Nov. 6, 1875, in Hotel de Louvre by a grand banquet, at which prominent Frenchmen and Americans were present. In reply to a toast offered on that occasion by M. Henri Martin to the Republic of the United States and to President Grant, U. S. Minister Washburne spoke as follows:

"I must avow that there is here in the atmosphere this evening such a sentiment of cordial friendship and international fraternity, that it would be difficult for me to keep silent and not give vent to the emotion with which I am filled. There is in truth something touching, something which transports us, in that magnificent conception of the French people of the erection upon the shores of America of a monument coming from the skillful hands of your remarkable artist, M. Bartholdi, which will recall the hundredth anniversary of the independence of my country, and which will

be lasting evidence of that ancient friendship between France and the American colonies, that has been sealed by the best blood of the two peoples. (Hearty applause.)

"The work the initiative which was taken here by France in that fraternal spirit that fills us, all of us Americans, with pride, and with gratitude, will find an echo in the homes of all our fellow-countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic. [Applause.]

"The names of your illustrious fellow-countrymen will always be dear to the memory and to the heart of the American people. With what joy have my fellow-countrymen been able here this evening to congratulate themselves upon the presence of the grandsons of Lafayette, of Rochambeau, of Bouille. Our hearts and our hands have gone out to them in grateful acknowledgement in remembrance of the services which their ancestors rendered to my country. [Applause.]

"Never, gentlemen, will my fellow-countrymen forget the courage, the perseverance and the sufferings of those French private soldiers, who fought side by side, shoulder to shoulder, with the American soldiers, and poured out their generous blood for the defence of our liberties. Their ashes have remained mingled with our soil upon those memorable fields of battle that they had already reddened with their blood. May the turf grow more green and the wild flower bloom more beautiful upon their unknown tomb." (Redoubled applause.)

M. Laboulaye, the main supporter of the movement making the Statue of Liberty a reality, replied as follows:

"Gentlemen: We are assembled here this evening to celebrate and to cement the friendship which unites France and America. That friendship is of very old date, and when next year on the 4th of July America will signalize by a festival the anniversary of her declaration of independence, she will celebrate at the same time her alliance with France. As for you, gentlemen, who come from America, and whom we have the happiness of possessing this evening, you who have expressed yourselves so nobly by the mouth of your minister, take back to your country that which you have seen and heard; say to your fellow-citizens that France always remains faithful to America. To-day other people more happy, more stirring, may attempt to dispute with us your affection; but recall to mind that when you were feeble and abandoned, France



took with a warm pressure the hand you held out to her.

"In a century the centenary of independence will be celebrated again. We shall then be only forgotten dust. America, who will then have more than a hundred millions of inhabitants, will be ignorant of our names. But this statue will remain. It will be the memorial of this festival, the visible proof of our affection, symbol of a friendship which braves the storms of time; it will stand there unshaken in the midst of the winds which will roar around its head, and the waves which will shatter their fury at its feet."

In order to raise the necessary funds a great number of festivals and exhibitions were held in different parts of France, and in 1879 all the funds necessary for its execution were attained. The head of the statue was executed for the Paris exposition of 1878. Oct. 24, 1881, the anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, all the pieces of the framework were put in place. The committee invited Mr. Morton, who was the new U. S. Minister to France at that time, to come and drive the rivet of the first piece of copper plating which was to be mounted. It was the left foot of the statue.

The statue was nearly finished in 1883, but as the work on the pedestal was not far enough advanced to permit its erection, it was decided to leave it for some time exposed to view in Paris.

On Friday, July 4, 1884, on the occasion of the anniversary of the declaration of the independence of the United States, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, President of the Franco-American Union, officially presented at Paris the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the world," to United States Minister Levi P. Morton, amid the greatest enthusiasm.

Arrangements having been made for the shipment of the statue to

America, it was carefully taken down, and the several pieces packed in frames of wood, being first properly marked. They were then brought on board the transport steamship *Isere*, which had been chartered to carry it to America. The ship arrived in New York harbor June 17, 1885, after a leisurely trip of 25 days. On the 19th of June occurred the formal reception of the *Isere* and her precious freight, and the occasion was made one of the grandest festivities in the history of New York City.

In the meantime the patriotism of the Americans had been aroused and steps taken by them to do their part of the work in the erection of the pedestal on which the statue, the gift of France, was to stand. The necessary legislation had promptly been done by Congress, providing for the reception of the colossal statue and its future maintenance as a beacon. President Hayes authorized General Sherman to select the site, and he, acting upon a suggestion from a committee previously appointed, designated Bedloe's Island, being aware of Bartholdi's preferences.

The site having been selected, the committee issued to the people of the United States an address which was generously responded to. The contributors included all classes of people. The wealthy banker's \$500 was matched in spirit by sums ranging from 5 to 10 cents, but there was an occasional \$5 and \$10 from some poor workman or woman who was roused to unusual enthusiasm.

The ground was first broken for the erection of the pedestal in April, 1883; the excavation was begun in June, the laying of the foundation

in October following and the work completed in 1886.

The work of building the pedestal was directed by General Charles P. Stone, under the supervision of the executive committee, to the builder, David<sup>d</sup> H. King, sen., who not only built the pedestal, but also erected the statue, which with great pomp and grand festivities was unveiled to the public Oct. 28, 1886.

We left New York last night (Sept. 26th) and traveled by rail 387 miles, to Rochester, N. Y., where we arrived at 11 o'clock this morning. Four hours later we took a New York Central Railway train to this historical place, of which we will give you an interesting account in our next.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 12.

The Hill Cumorah.—Scenes and Locations  
Associated with the Rise of the Church.  
—The old Smith Residence.—Fayette,  
Etc.

HILL CUMORAH, Ontario Co., N. Y.,  
September 28, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Sitting on this holy and historical ground the scene of some of the greatest events which have ever transpired in the history of men upon the earth—it is but natural that our minds should be deeply impressed, and that we should give way to unusual and solemn meditation; for it was here, more than twenty-four centuries ago, that the descendants of Jared and his brother fought their last exterminating battle, intoxicated as they were with blood-thirstiness and hatred, for they had rebelled

against the Lord, killed His Prophets and driven Ether, the last man of God among them, into exile, seeking his life. What a tale of woe would not the spirits of all those departed ones have to tell men in the flesh nowadays, were such communications permitted. Would they not appeal to this generation to take warning from their fate, and advise them not to kill, stone or abuse the servants of God now upon the earth as they did in their day. But in the allwise Providence of God their spirits must remain silent while their bodies slumber in the dust until the day of judgment.

It was also in this land that Mormon in his old age and his son Moroni led their Nephite armies against their brethren the Lamanites—the last time—to that dreadful massacre that forever swept a once of God highly favored race out of existence as a nation. It was here that Mormon, beholding the sons and the fair daughters of his people arming themselves for their last battle, burst out in the anguish of his soul and for the last time called upon his people to repent; but the spirit of God had ceased to strive with them, and before the setting of the sun on that fatal day Mormon's ten thousand men which he led in battle array, lay dead on the gory field, together with the many other ten thousands who fell by the hands of the Lamanites. Moroni and a few others were the only ones who escaped with their lives from that terrible battle field. This took place more than fourteen hundred years ago, but looking over this hilly country to-day—the topographical or general character of which has perhaps not changed very much since that time—our imagina-

tion can easily conceive how the exile Moroni, the custodian of the records of his fathers, was hunted by the blood-thirsty Lamanites while writing the closing paragraphs of the Nephite history, and how he finally, no doubt in the shades of night, emerged from his hiding place, and deposited the sacred treasure in this hill, where it lay 1,407 years.

We pass over that long and dreary night and again conceive of Moroni as an angel of glory, still in charge of the same records, instructing the humble farmer's boy, and preparing his mind for a great and noble work, in which tens of thousands were to rejoice. Yonder stands the house still in which that ancient Prophet of God first called upon the youth, who afterwards became the translator of the Book of Mormon, and the next day showed him the plates on the very spot where we now stand. And fifty-nine years and six days ago to-day Joseph Smith received the records of the Nephites from the hands of Moroni. O, how sublime the thought! What emotions fill our hearts when we think of it! We feel that we, indeed, stand on holy ground, and, as if by instinct, we silently renew our covenants that we will be faithful and true in keeping the commandments of God, as Joseph was faithful and true to the commandments the angel gave him until he sealed his testimony with his blood.

The very first man we met yesterday, after our arrival in Palmyra, was Mr. James M. Ford, 72 years old, who said that he was born and raised in Palmyra and had gone to school with Joseph Smith, and had also eaten and slept with him. He showed us the location of the farm

which once belonged to Martin Harris, about a mile northwest of Palmyra. The old farm house, a rock building, is still standing, and the place is now owned by a German. In coming in on the New York Central Railway, we passed through one corner of the farm. Mr. Ford told us a number of interesting things in regard to the Smith family, but when he informed us that Joseph at the time he lived in this neighborhood was an old bachelor, we began to think that the old man's memory had commenced to fail him.

Our next man was Major John H. Gilbert, the person who set the type for the first edition of the Book of Mormon in Egbert Grandin's printing office, in Palmyra, 58 years ago. We found him living in a comfortable frame house on Gates Street. He is a remarkably well-preserved man, 86 years old, and withal gentlemanly and intelligent. He seemed to take pleasure in relating to us the particulars connected with the printing of the Book of Mormon. Of the 580 pages of which the book consisted he set in type about 500 pages himself. The work of printing the book, he remembered distinctly, was commenced in August, 1829, and finished in March, 1830. Oliver Cowdery and Hyrum Smith were the two who generally brought copy to the printing office, and Oliver Cowdery and Mr. Grandin read the proofs together by copy. Mr. Gilbert had, to his best recollection, only seen Joseph Smith twice. On the one occasion he came to the printing office and stayed about twenty minutes, arranging something in regard to the work. Mr. Gilbert said that the late David Whitmer had made several mistakes in his pam-



phlet, where he alludes to the printing of the Book of Mormon. Martin Harris, he said, had given security for the full amount agreed upon for printing, before the work was commenced, and there was no delay because of financial embarrassment. At the time of printing, Mr. Gilbert kept a private copy of the Book of Mormon for his own use, which he sold in an unbound condition a few years ago to P. T. Sexton, a rich banker of Palmyra, for the sum of \$500. Besides this, he has at different times secured a number of bound copies for several parties at the rate of \$15 per copy. We made particular inquiry in regard to the manuscript or copy from which he set the Book of Mormon. His answers went to prove that it was the copy now in possessions of the Whitmers in Richmond, Mo. At times when he was hurried to get a form ready for the press, other compositors would be sent to help him, and on such occasions he would frequently cut the pages in the manner we saw some of them cut while in Richmond. Mr. Gilbert has not followed the trade of a printer for the last sixteen years, but whenever his birthday comes around he makes it a regular practice, and has done for several years, to go the several printing offices in Palmyra and set up a stick or two of type. He is called the veteran printer of Wayne County, and he thinks he is about the oldest living printer in the United States; he has a wife, 78 years old, living; also five children; six children are dead.

We next visited the house which was once Egbert Grandin's old printing office. Mr. Grandin has been dead many years, but his house, a

substantial three-story brick building, is still standing on the north side of Main Street, Palmyra, about half way between Market and William streets. The lower story is now occupied as a news depot and novelty store; J. H. Johnson, proprietor. The second story which Egbert Grandin used as a bookbindery, is now divided up into dwelling apartments, and the third story, where the Book of Mormon was set in type, is used as a storeroom for sewing machines and organs. It may be interesting to some to know that the celebrated Mr. Singer, the leading man of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, who was a native of this part of the country, helped to erect the building.

We had comfortable quarters at the Powers House last night. The proprietor, Mr. W. A. Powers, is a relative of O. W. Powers, late associate justice of Utah.

Palmyra is a fine little town on the New York Central and West Shore railways, 23 miles east of Rochester, and has about 2,500 inhabitants. Among other handsome buildings we noticed five church edifices, owned respectively by the Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Catholics. The four Protestant churches are located on the same street and on four opposite corners, and their four steeples rising from the same place is the first thing that attracts the attention of approaching strangers. The Catholics have to tent themselves with a position in the rear; in point of church buildings they are generally in front, but in Palmyra they are few in number, and their modest little brick church, standing back from the others, affords only a little cross in lieu of a steeple.

This morning we engaged Mr. T. G. Qualfe, a livery stable owner, to take us a few miles on our journey. He had previously been engaged by others of our brethren from Utah who have visited here. One mile and a half due south of Main Street, Palmyra, taking the road locally known as Stafford Street, we came to the old Smith residence, situated in the extreme northwest corner of Manchester Township, Ontario County, New York, where the youthful Prophet lived with his parents at the time he had his first vision, and was first visited by the angel Moroni. The farm is now owned by W. A. Chapman, son of the late S. T. Chapman, who bought it of a Mr. Absalom Weeks, 28 years ago. But previous to that time and after it was occupied by the Smiths it had changed hands several times, and had also been considerably enlarged.

The frame of the building, originally erected by the elder Joseph Smith and his sons, is still standing, but the interior of the house, a story and a half building, has not been materially changed; new additions, however, have been made to it. The old lady, mother of the present owner, and her amiable daughter, took considerable pains in showing us the room where Joseph is supposed to have kept the plates after receiving them from the angel. In this, however, they may be mistaken; but it is no doubt the room in which Joseph on the night between the 21st and 22nd of September, 1823, conversed with Moroni.

In leaving the old Smith residence we turned east to the Canandagua road, when we, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south of Palmyra, passed the Armington school house, in which Joseph and

several of his brothers and sisters are said to have attended school. One and a half miles further, or a little over four miles due south of Palmyra, on the east side of the Canandagua road stands Cumorah, the highest hill in the neighborhood. It rises abruptly from the more level country north of it to the height of about 150 feet. Climbing it from the north end, the highest point, on which stands the stump of a large tree, is soon reached; south of this the hill gradually recedes until it is lost in the level about one mile distant. There is a number of other hills in this part of the country, and they all extend north and south like so many summits or ridges. A number of them are several miles long, but only a few hundred yards across from east to west. The hill Cumorah is no exception from this rule. Besides the north end its eastern and western slopes are quite steep, and the top consists of a narrow ridge somewhat rocky. Both sides of the north end of the hill have been plowed by the present owner clear to the top, and only a very few trees have been suffered to remain. About 200 yards south from the north end of the hill on the west side, however, is a beautiful beech grove containing, we should judge, about six acres of land; most of the trees are small, but stand very close together. Into the shade of this little grove we retired in solemn prayer and rejoiced exceedingly in being permitted to be here.

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FAYETTE, Seneca Co., New York,  
October 2, 1888.

We left the hill Cumorah about 11 o'clock to-day. Two miles south we passed through the village of Man-

chester, and traveling one mile further we arrived at Shortsville, a small town on the N. Y. C. & H. R. Ry. From here we went by rail to Waterloo, a flourishing little city of 5,000 inhabitants, situated on both sides of the Seneca River, about half way between the north end of Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. After making some inquiries as to directions, locality, etc., we started southwest in search of the old Whitmer residence in which the Church was first organized. Having walked about ten miles we came to the house of an aged gentleman by the name of John Marshall, who had attended meetings in Whitmer's house when a boy and had heard Joseph and a number of other early Elders of the Church preach. Guided by his directions we had no further difficulty in finding the exact spot we were aiming for, and about 4 o'clock we arrived at the farm once owned by Peter Whitmer, sen., and now the property of Jesse Snook, a prominent business man of Waterloo, who rents it to Chester Reed, the present occupant. The old Whitmer house, in which the Church was organized and in which the three first general conferences of the Church were held and Joseph received a number of important revelations, was a one-and-a-half-story log house. It was torn down years ago, but the site on which it stood is well known and was pointed out to us. The old family well is still there; also several of the logs, which once constituted a part of the building, lay along the fence half decayed.

The site of the old Whitmer residence is about four miles south of Waterloo, and about 40 rods west of the road leading from that place to

West Fayette, on the Geneva and Ithaca Railway, in Fayette Township, Seneca County, New York State. It is about a quarter of a mile northwest of a small cluster of houses (about six in number) locally known as Jollytown, named after a family by that name, which is mentioned in the early history of the Church. The village formerly called Fayette, about four miles east of West Fayette, is now generally known as Bearytown. We examined the ground very closely, and thought of the past, spoke of the present, wished that certain things might transpire in the future, prepared resolutions, made the necessary entries in our note books, and returned to Waterloo, where we are now waiting for the train to take us back to Rochester.

We have heard a great many things about the extraordinary qualities of the Smith family, but nothing that beats the following related to us this morning by a citizen of Palmyra:

"When Joseph Smith," said our informant, "was digging for the Golden Bible, he ran short of provisions, and in order to obtain some mutton from a somewhat simple-minded neighbor, Joseph prevailed on him to furnish a fat sheep, the best he had, to be offered as a sacrifice to God. The farmer, who at first appeared unwilling, at last consented, and consequently the sheep was brought up on a hill back of the Smith family residence. (By the way, the identical hill was pointed out to us.) But while the Prophet was going through a lengthy ceremony preparatory to offering the sacrifice, one of his boys, as previously arranged, carried off the sheep, weighing 200 pounds which



was needed by the Smith family for food."

If one of the Prophet Joseph Smith's boys (his eldest son being born in 1832) could carry off a sheep weighing 200 pounds as early as 1827, five years before birth, it is no wonder that Joseph Smith has made such a great stir in the world. This is a fair specimen of several other stories put in circulation about Joseph Smith and the "Mormons."

In closing this letter we will state, however, that nothing we have been able to learn, through diligent inquiry in this neighborhood about the Smith family, has in the least degree shaken us in the confidence we formerly had in their integrity and truthfulness.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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LETTER 13.

The Temple and Village of Kirtland.—Old Landmarks.—The Old Kirtland Graveyard.

KIRTLAND, Lake Co., Ohio,  
October 2, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Your correspondents arrived at Niagara Falls on Saturday last, where we spent two days taking in such sights as we never had the privilege of resting our eyes upon before, but as this, one of the grandest of the world's natural wonders, has been described so often by those who are able to wield the pen better than we can, we will pass over this interesting part of our journey and simply state that we arrived in this historical place (Kirtland) at 7 o'clock last night. We put up at the old Bump House, named after the

original owner, Jacob Bump, who is known in Church history as the man who wanted to fight President Brigham Young, because the latter testified that Joseph was a true Prophet. Bump was at that time apostatizing. The house, now called the Kirtland Hotel, is situated opposite the street east of the Temple, and is owned by E. L. Kelley, the president of the Josephite branch at Kirtland. This branch contains about 30 members, who hold regular Sabbath schools and meetings every Sunday, sometimes in the Temple and at other times in the large upper room of the hotel. In the evening we were introduced to W. H. Kelley, one of the Twelve Apostles in the Reorganized Church. During our quite interesting conversation with him in regard to whether Joseph Smith, the Prophet, ever taught or practiced the doctrine of plural marriage, we named a number of witnesses who had testified under oath that they knew he did, but Mr. Kelley remarked that he could not take their testimony because they were interested parties. Pray, who are not interested parties in connection with a doctrine that concerns the moral condition of the whole human family.

This morning we were waited upon by Gomer T. Griffiths, who is also one of the Twelve of the Josephite faction, and a real gentleman in his bearings. He conducted us through the Temple and waited patiently upon us while we examined every part of the building and took a number of measurements. The lower large room has been carpeted and nicely fitted up for meeting purposes, while the upper large room, where the School of the Prophets was held in early days, and the Elders studied

languages and the sciences, is only partly repaired as yet. The five school rooms in the attic story have also been whitewashed and cleaned, but not used for many years. Heating apparatus, sufficient to heat up the whole building in a very short time, has been furnished by the Reorganized Church, who has had possession of the building since 1880, when the court of common pleas, in Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio, gave a decision to the effect that the Reorganized Church was the rightful owner of the building, there being no defendants represented in court to dispute their claim. Previous to this the Temple had been claimed and occupied without any legal title whatever by various parties whose rights of ownership, if they ever pretended to have had any, were ruled out by the aforesaid court decision.

We ascended into the old wooden tower, and even went outside, where we had a fine view of the village of Kirtland and surrounding country. Lake Erie, six miles distant northwest, is in plain view, and so also are the towns of Willoughby and Mentor. East and southward the course of the east fork of the Chagrin River, and its tributaries, on which Kirtland is situated, are plainly marked by the narrow valleys through which they flow, making the country immediately around Kirtland somewhat broken and hilly, while further away it consists of gently rolling prairies and timber land. Westward the chimneys of Cleveland, about twenty miles distant, can be seen; and the rich vineyards and well cultivated farms, observed in every direction, goes to show that Joseph the Prophet and the early Elders of the Church

manifested the same good judgment here in selecting gathering places for the Saints as they did in Missouri. Had the Saints been permitted to remain here in peace, Kirtland would no doubt to-day have been a flourishing city, instead of an unimportant village, as it is now, with 250 inhabitants.

We spent about three hours in the lower room of the Temple and felt deeply impressed when we reflected upon what took place inside of those walls more than fifty years ago. We stood in the pulpit, upon the breastwork of which the Savior placed His feet on the 3rd of April, 1836, when He spoke comforting words to the assembled Saints, telling them that He accepted of the House, which they had built to His holy name with great sacrifice and in the midst of financial poverty. It was also here that Moses appeared and delivered to the Prophet Joseph the keys for the gathering of Israel from the four corners of the earth, and where Elijah the Prophet gave to this generation the keys for turning the hearts of the children to their fathers and the hearts of the fathers to the children. Furthermore, in this very room, scores of the brethren received the ministrations of angels, saw glorious visions, spoke in tongues, prophesied and rejoiced as only Saints of the Most High can rejoice under the influence of the Holy Spirit. How often we have with breathless attention listened to our aged veterans when they related what they had seen and heard in this house. But O, how changed the scene. The wicked and ungodly, who drove the Saints away, have long ago desecrated this once holy place, and the Kirtland Temple now stands

in solemn loneliness as a strange sentinel bearing silent witness of the glorious day which once was, a similitude of what, we trust, shall some time in the future be enjoyed on the same ground. Yes, when the Lord opens the way for the Saints to rebuild the waste places of Zion, and the land shall be rededicated for the gathering of God's people, then hosannah to God and the Lamb shall again resound in the hills of Kirtland, and the voices of united thousands, filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, be raised to heaven in "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," as in the days gone by, only with a stronger chorus. Then shall the Savior again visit His people and holy beings once more administer to their fellow-laborers in the flesh. God hasten the day!

The Temple and principal part of the village of Kirtland stand on high ground—it may be termed a hill as there are lower lands all around it—but a strip of high land lying beyond the Chariton River, between it and Willoughby, obscures it from view from the railway, and the first glimpse we had of the Temple yesterday was from the point where the road crosses this ridge about a mile from the Temple.

Our obliging guide having showed us all through the building, we took a walk around the village. Near the northeast corner of the Temple stands a little square cottage which once was the office of Oliver Cowdery, but is now occupied by G. T. Griffiths. When Oliver Cowdery used it, it stood west of the Temple, near Oliver Granger's residence, which is standing yet. About a block north of the Temple, on the west side of the Chester road, on the

slope of the hill, stands, in a good state of preservation, Joseph Smith the Prophet's old house, now occupied by Milton McFarland, a blacksmith, who has a shop on the opposite side of the street. East of the Temple is Sidney Rigdon's old residence, a one-and-a-half store frame building, on the east side of the road leading to Chester (formerly known as Rigdon Street); this is next door to the hotel where we are stopping. One block south of the Temple, on what in the good old Kirtland days was called Hyrum Street, stands yet Hyrum Smith's old dwelling; a family named Metcalf occupies it now. Two blocks west of the Temple our guide pointed out to us the place where the late President Brigham Young's house once stood. Opposite the street from the Temple, north, on the brow of the hill, is the village churchyard, in which rest many faithful Saints awaiting the morning of the glorious resurrection. Some years ago one of the good Christians of Kirtland undertook to plow a certain part of the graveyard, leveling head-boards, mounds and all, evidently from disrespect to the "Mormons." Later an attempt was made to replace some of the old grave-stones, but it is a question whether they were put in the proper places or not. Among the tombstones which evidently had not been disturbed, we noticed a rude sandstone designating the resting place of the late Oliver Granger, and another bearing the inscription: "Eunice Thompson, who died Sept. 26, 1831; 27 years old." We copied the inscriptions of a few others. Down the hill in a northeasterly direction, on what is called the Kirtland Flats, stands yet the late N. K. Whitney's



old dwelling, a one-story frame house; also the building formerly known as Whitney's store, where Joseph Smith, president of the Re-organized Church, was born, in 1832; and the old Johnson Hotel, a two-story brick house, and other buildings which once belonged to the Saints. The old Whitney residence is now owned by Riley Harris, and Whitney's store by J. F. Wells, who still carries on the business of a merchant at the old stand.

The present village of Kirtland contains about 40 dwellings, considerably scattered, and the whole place has a somewhat ancient appearance, and seems to testify of a condition of affairs that has seen better days. Of late years it has been visited by a great many people from all parts of the country, who mostly come out of curiosity to see the "Mormon" Temple. Some of these show all due respect to the building, while others—so Mr. Griffiths informed us—exhibit a wicked and mocking spirit. In looking over the Temple register, in which every visitor is required to sign his or her name, we ascertained that over 600 persons had visited the building during the last year; among them were some of our Elders and other visitors from our mountain home.

We leave Kirtland with heavy hearts, contrasting in our minds the present with the past. Crossing the east fork of the Chagrin River, on a substantial wooden bridge, we see a short distance up the stream the celebrated Kirtland Mills. We have now climbed the hill on the opposite side, from which we are taking a last look at the Temple, and now proceed on our return trip to Willoughby, from where we take cars to Chi-

cago; thence to Nauvoo and Carthage.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 14.

Visit to Chicago.—Keokuk and other  
Points of Interest in the State of Iowa.  
—Arrival in Nauvoo.

NAUVOO, Hancock Co., Illinois,  
October 6, 1888.

#### *Editor Deseret News:*

While the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is holding its semi-annual Conference at home, we are holding our little conference in the "City of Joseph," the once beautiful Nauvoo, the city that the Saints "loved so well" in years gone by, and which they expect to possess again, after the Lord has redeemed Zion. Yes, ill-fated Nauvoo, we love thee even now, though thy glory has departed from thee for a season. But the river, the islands, the uplands, the flats, the timber and the prairie are still here and everything necessary to build even a much larger city than the one which once was, and of which the present town is but a sad relic.

Before leaving Kirtland, Ohio, on the 2nd inst., we were shown where a thief some years ago had broken in by digging his way under the north-east corner-stone of the Temple, with the expectation of being rewarded for his trouble by finding costly treasures, which he imagined had been stored away by the Saints. It is needless to say that he was disappointed in his search, but he was very successful in damaging the building considerable; for in undermining the corner-stone, that par-

ticular part of the Temple sank, causing the wall to crack in several places and the plastering to peel off. As soon as the Josephites came in possession of the building they repaired the damage as far as possible by bracing up the floor and filling up the cracks in the wall, but the traces of the injury done the building will always remain.

Our journey from Willoughby to Chicago was uneventful; we passed through some fine country, both woodland and prairies, and saw several pretty sites where we thought Stakes of Zion might be organized and Temples built some time in the future.

Chicago is a great city. Of all the large towns in the United States none has grown so rapidly as has this the grand metropolis of the West. She now claims 800,000 inhabitants. In 1833 it was a mere village.

In perusing the documents of the Historical Society library at 142 Dearborn Avenue, we saw the first number of the first newspaper published in Chicago. It was called the *Chicago Democrat*, was dated Nov. 26, 1833, and published by J. Calhoun. It was a twenty-four column paper, printed on what was then called a royal sheet and quite ably edited. There were 21 columns of reading matter and three columns of advertisements. No. 2 contained the following at the head of its reading matter:

"The *Democrat* is published every Tuesday in the village of Chicago, Illinois, in the building on the corner of South Water and Clark Streets."

The terms were \$2.50 per annum in advance.

We will say in connection herewith that at the Historical Society li-

brary are found some very interesting and valuable works and documents, although the institution lost all its old collections in the great fire in 1871. Among other things that interested us was a large history of Hancock County, published by Chapman Brothers, Chicago, and an "Illustrated Historical Atlas of Hancock County," by A. T. Andreas, now a prominent author. This atlas, which is very handsomely gotten up, contains a well-drawn map of the city of Nauvoo, including Commerce and all subsequent additions. The history of Hancock County devotes considerable space to the history of the "Mormons," and we took the liberty to call on the principal author and publisher, Charles Chapman, Esq., at his office, 128 Van Buren Street. He appeared to be a gentlemen of high culture, and when we alluded to the history of the "Mormons" in Hancock County as being exclusively an anti-"Mormon" production, and that justice had not been done to our side of the question, he said that he had not written it himself, but that it was the product of a man who had been all through the troubles and considered himself well posted—a mobber, no doubt, who took an active part in shedding the blood of innocent people. Mr. Chapman was frank enough to acknowledge that the author had written it from a standpoint altogether unfavorable to the "Mormons," and that no attempt, so far as he (Mr. Chapman) knew, had been made to get any information from our side. This is enough to give the readers of the *News* an idea of what that part of the history of Hancock County treating on the "Mormons" is.

Mr. John Moses, the custodian of the Historical Society library, is at present busily engaged in writing a history of Illinois, and was very pleased to learn a number of facts from us which he had never heard of before. While Elder Jensen busied himself with the old records, Elder Stevenson was very diligent in posting this gentleman, who had promised he would try to do justice to the "Mormons" in his history. We suggested if he would treat our people fairly, we should give him the credit for being an exception to the general rule, as nearly every non-Mormon writer so far had misrepresented us. He expressed his total unbelief in the Spaulding Story and a great many other silly tales put in circulation about Joseph Smith and his people; and was particularly interested in the descriptions Elder Stevenson, from his own experience and personal knowledge, gave of the Prophet and his characteristics.

While in Chicago we visited a number of large business establishments, but none that equaled Marshall, Field & Co.'s dry goods house, situated on Adam, Quince and Franklin streets and Fifth Avenue—a solid block. This building, in which business is transacted to the amount of \$40,000,000 a year, is an immense rock structure, 323x190 feet, and eight stories high. The employees number 1,350. In connection with the wholesale house there is a retail business in another part of the city, where 1,500 clerks are employed. Adding to this about 300 men who are employed by the firm in its factories and warehouses, we have a total of 3,150 persons engaged by Marshall, Field & Co.—enough to make a mu-

nicipality of their own. The figures given are no doubt correct, as we received them from Mr. L. M. Williams, assistant superintendent, and Arthur H. Becker, a young gentlemanly salesman, who took great pains to show us around and give us correct information. This is supposed to be the largest dry goods establishment in the world, a distinction previously given to a New York firm, but of late years Marshall, Field & Co. have been ahead of all New York houses in their line of trade.

Bidding Chicago good-bye at a late hour last night, we resumed our journey westward in an elegant chair car of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. About daylight this morning we crossed the Mississippi River from Rock Island, Illinois, to Davenport, Iowa, and at 11 o'clock a. m. arrived at Elden, on the Des Moines River, in the southeast corner of Wapello County. Here we changed cars, taking a branch road of the C. R. I. & P. Railway to Keokuk, 63 miles from Elden. At a point where the Des Moines River makes a sharp bend southward we passed a little town called Mount Zion, but could not learn whether the name was suggested through any historical connection our people might have had with the place in early days. But the towns of Bonaparte and Farmington, in Van Buren County, through which we also passed, will be remembered by the exiles of 1846. It was the people of Farmington who prevailed upon the musicians of the Camps of Israel to come and play for them, and it was also near Farmington where Wm. H. Folsom and Rodney Swazey were taken by the mob and hung up by their heels un-



til they were nearly dead, because they would not deny their religion. A few miles before reaching Keokuk we crossed Sugar Creek, the memorable stream which can never be forgotten by those who pitched their tents on its frosty banks and drank of its icy waters in the bleak month of February, 1846. The railway crosses the stream near the point where it empties into the Des Moines River, but that part of it which is made sacred in Church history, through the exiled Saints being camped on its banks, is a few miles above to the northwest. We arrived at Keokuk about 2 o'clock. This was an outfitting place for the emigrating Saints who crossed the plains in 1853-55, and many of the readers of the NEWS will remember the heights of Keokuk with mixed feelings of sadness and joy. For here a number of weary pilgrims from northern Europe, whose friends and relatives yet reside in the valleys of the mountains, closed their eyes in death, worn out by the long voyage across the Atlantic and up the Mississippi, and before they got ready to undertake the long, tiresome journey of 1,300 miles to the far west.

When we think of all the sacrifices that have been made in the past years for the cause of Zion. When we think of the many who fell as martyrs for the truth in Missouri and Illinois, and the hundreds who died through fatigue and hardship, while exhausting their last mortal strength trying to cross the dreary plains and climb the lofty mountains to reach the land of the Saints, to say nothing of the many who found a watery grave before reaching the promised land of Joseph, then indeed do we realize that the life of a

Saint is a life of trials and afflictions, and that were it not for our hope in regard to the future and our implicit faith in the final reward of those who have sacrificed all for Christ's sake, we would of all men be the most miserable. But God is just, and He has all power in heaven and earth. He has therefore also power to raise the dead. And when the trump announcing the morning of the resurrection shall sound, then shall those who fell by the wayside—whose bodies were lowered into the mighty deep, or who sleep in unknown graves on the broad prairies of the west—come forth with renewed and immortal bodies, and rejoice forever that they kept the faith; for it is far better to die in the discharge of our duties than to live and deny the truth. How much better off are those faithful ones whose mortal remains sleep in the hills of Keokuk, and who never saw the mountain home of the Saints—which, in connection with their love for the Gospel, caused them to leave their native homes thousands of miles away—than some of their friends and relatives whose lives were spared, but who since have become engulfed in darkness and have denied the faith.

Keokuk is now a city of about 15,000 inhabitants. Having had rival neighbors, it has not grown so fast as some of her sister cities on the banks of the Mississippi River, but is nevertheless quite a lovely place to live in. Its location on the slope of the hill is quite romantic.

Having rambled about Keokuk for an hour, we walked up to the lower end of the new government canal, and two of our party had, for the first time in their lives, the opportunity of seeing how a vessel is lifted

and lowered by means of a lock. This canal, which is about seven miles long, was built by the United States government in the years 1867-77, and cost about four million dollars. There are three locks, one at Keokuk, another at Price's Creek, two and a half miles above, and a third one at Nashville at the upper end of the canal. Each lock is 80 feet wide and 300 feet long, and by means of the three locks vessels are lifted 19 feet. The canal, which was built for the purpose of avoiding the dangers of passing the Des Moines Rapids, is about 300 feet wide, and has an average depth of seven feet. It is made of a part of the river bed by building a wall or dam lengthways in the river. This wall is 45 feet wide in the bottom and 10 feet wide at the top. The sloping walls are built of square rocks, while the inside is built up with earth. The obliging captain of the government steamboat *Vixen*, Mr. H. B. Whitney, gave us most of this information. By his permission we sailed on his boat from Keokuk to the second lock, at Price's Creek, from where a good-natured farmer took us in his light wagon two and a half miles further to Sandusky. From there we went by rail (C. B. & Q. Ry.) seven miles to Montrose, thence with the ferryboat across the Mississippi River to Nauvoo, Illinois, where we arrived about 7 o'clock this evening.

We at once proceeded to Major L. C. Bidamon's residence, at the foot of Main street, where, after taking a walk to the Temple Block, we have put up comfortably for the night.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

## LETTER 15.

Incidents of the Nauvoo Troubles.—Major Bidamon Tells an Interesting Story.

NAUVOO, Hancock Co., Illinois,  
October 7, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

The more we see of Nauvoo, the better we like its beautiful site, and admire the taste of the Prophet and his brethren when they selected this spot for a gathering place of the Saints. Of all the places we have seen on the Mississippi River, none, in our estimation, equals this for the location of a great city, and it is an easy matter for our imagination to conceive how magnificent was the view when the beautiful stretch of land between Joseph's mansion, near the river, and the heights, where the Temple reared its lofty spire heavenward, was covered with the neat habitations and lovely gardens of the Saints. Even now in its neglected state, when the site is covered with farms, vineyards and orchards and weeds are contending with pedestrians and vehicles for the possession of the streets and sidewalks, the place has great attractions. What a wonderful change would be brought about in a few years, were a community of Saints, possessing the industrial and stirring habits characteristic of such, to take possession here. And the present population seem to be fully aware of this. In our rambles through town we have met a number of men, and some of them prominent, who have expressed great desires for the Saints to return. "It was," said they, "a great mistake to drive the Mormons away from Illinois. Ever since they left, Nauvoo has been but a poor shadow of its former self, and all

our efforts to rebuild the place and increase our population have been in vain. We sincerely wish the Mormons would return. They would now be received with open arms." Such seems to have been the change of sentiment, that a few years ago a petition was formulated, signed by nearly the entire population of Nauvoo, and addressed to Joseph Smith, President of the Reorganized Church, asking him to make Nauvoo his headquarters. He saw fit, however, to locate at Lamoni, Iowa. Whether the Saints in Utah would be equally welcome is an open question.

We have since our arrival here met and conversed with a number of the leading men of the town, who without exception have treated us with much courtesy and respect, and seem to be greatly interested in our people. Among those we will make special mention of our host, Major L. C. Bidamon, husband of the late Emma Smith (widow of the Prophet Joseph). He is a remarkably well-preserved man, now nearly 83 years old, and withal sociable and agreeable in his manners, being somewhat inclined to be witty. We asked him a number of questions in regard to his experience among the Saints in the time of the troubles in 1846, which he answered in a straight-forward manner, and at times spoke with considerable emotion. His narrative ran as follows:

"I am a Virginian by birth, removed to Ohio with my parents when a boy, and there married, but lost my wife by death, and subsequently removed to Canton, Ohio. When I first arrived in Nauvoo in April, 1846, I found the city menaced by a wicked mob, who, notwithstanding the majority of the Mormons had already gone into the wilderness, were relentless in their persecutions of the few who remained behind. I was soon convinced that the Mormons were

a much abused people, and as I have always felt inclined to stand up for justice and right at all times and under all circumstances, it was not long before my sympathies were with the Saints. I watched the doings of the mob with a keen eye, and felt indignant when I witnessed how illegal and vexatious lawsuits were gotten up, based upon trumped up charges, for the purpose of dragging defendants twenty or thirty miles into out-of-the-way places in order to waylay them, and often for the purpose of whipping and murdering them. And when they, in some instances, refused to go, knowing the object was to kill them, the mobbers set up a great hue and cry that the Mormons disobeyed the law. I was finally appointed a trustee on the part of the 'New Citizens' to negotiate with the mobbers for peace, and was also sent to Governor Ford to lay our grievances before that official. At first he refused to listen to me and swore that he would not spend another dollar in the interest of Hancock County, having already had so much trouble with the people there. I knew, however, that our cause was just, and becoming indignant at the governor's actions, I threatened that if he would not do his duty in the matter, I would appeal to the President of the United States. Seeing that I was in earnest, he at last listened to what I had to say, and agreed to send Major Parker with me back to Nauvoo with a *posse* of twelve men, which were to serve as a guard to protect those upon whom writs might be served in the future. The mob, however, would not recognize Parker's authority, and swore by all the devils and saints they could think of, that they would do as they pleased and did not care for the governor nor anybody else; not even Jesus Christ, if He would dare to say a good word for the Mormons.

"Some time afterwards I was sent to Springfield a second time to see the governor. I started down the river in a small rowboat, and the mobbers learning of my departure started in pursuit, crossed the river from Warsaw, and surrounded the house in which I had intended to stop for the night, at Churchville (near Alexandria, Mo.). There were twelve or fifteen of them. They came in and asked me how I would like to go with them to Mr. Brockman's camp. I answered that I should not like it at all, as I was fully aware that his men were not favorably disposed toward me. 'But, by G—d,' said they, 'you will go,' and they made a move as if they wanted to take me by force. Quick as thought I had my hand on my pistol, which in the next instant I



held cocked in their faces, while I halloed out, 'Stand back there, or I will blow daylight through you.' The way these mobbers made for the door and scattered in all directions was a caution. Ordering my two men, whom I had engaged to row me down the river, to get the boat ready, I retreated with pistol in hand, got in the boat, pulled to the middle of the stream where the balls of the mobbers could not reach us, and arrived at Quincy in safety. From the latter place I continued the journey by stage to Springfield. While stopping at Mount Sterling a few hours, I was surrounded by the inhabitants who were very curious to know all about the situation at Nauvoo. I made such explanations as I thought proper, and after I was through, a hard looking individual, with dark features, came up to me and said he was a captain in Singleton's militia, and was going to Nauvoo the next day. All at once it came to me that I should play the mobbers a trick, in order to avert the immediate danger which threatened Nauvoo, and keep the mob off until I had seen the governor. I asked the fellow if he would carry a letter for me to my brother in Nauvoo. He said he would on conditions that I would let him know the contents of it. This I agreed to do. I then wrote a few lines, in which I pretended to advise the citizens of Nauvoo to refrain from shedding blood, if possible; 'for,' wrote I, 'it would be an easy matter for you with your hell acres and hell half acres to destroy the whole mob force at once.'

"What do you mean by hell acres and hell half acres?" demanded my man.

"Oh, I don't like to tell you that," said I.

"Then by G—d," ejaculated he, 'I will not carry your letter.'

"Very well," said I, 'provided you can keep a secret, I will explain to you.' He thought he could, and I then proceeded to tell him that every approach to Nauvoo was undermined and large quantities of powder deposited in such a manner that by the pulling of certain wires, mechanically arranged, it could be exploded at will. Of course there was not a word of truth in that, but he drank it all in and went immediately to the mob camp, where the letter was read. It had the desired effect. The mob, although quite strong enough to have taken Nauvoo at once, concluded to wait for reinforcements, which gave me time to return from my visit to the governor, before the final attack was made.

"The governor returned me with orders to Major Flood, of Quincy, for him to proceed to Nauvoo and assist in adjusting the

difficulties between the Mormons and the mob. That gentleman was at first unwilling to go, but finally concluded to do so, taking with him a number of other leading men of Quincy. When we arrived at Montrose, we could distinctly hear the cannonading on the prairie east of Nauvoo, and having crossed the river, I sent the Quincy delegation in my carriage out to the mob camp. These gentlemen tried their best to establish peace between the fighting parties, but all in vain; all they succeeded in doing was that they induced the mob to promise to cease hostilities until the next day. As the delegation was returning to Nauvoo several shots were fired after them. I happened to pick up a spent ball, which I presented to Mr. Wood, saying that here was a compliment from the belligerents. At seeing this Mr. Wood became so indignant that he jumped to his feet, exclaiming, 'Give me a gun, and I will stand by you and see it all through. In all my intercourse with people—and I have dealt even with heathens—I have never, in all my life, seen such infamy among mankind.' I advised Mr. Wood to keep at a safe distance and witness what was going on, that he might live to testify of our doings, for we all expected to fight till the last. Mr. Wood, who was a wealthy man, subsequently showed great kindness in a substantial manner toward the afflicted Saints, by sending up large quantities of provisions, partly of his own stock, and partly such as he had influenced others to give.

"Previous to this, I, together with a few other men, was sent to the mob camp at Green Plains with a view to bringing about a compromise. On that occasion it became my lot to deliver a speech in defence of the Mormons. Now, I am not a very religious man, and not at all superstitious; in fact, I am inclined to be rather skeptic, but I believe I was inspired on that occasion to portray the condition of the people in Nauvoo, and to plead in behalf of suffering innocence, for even the feelings of the hardened mobocrat Williams seemed to be touched as he listened to me; for I plainly saw tears coursing their way down his guilty cheeks. I told them that the remnant of the Mormons were making preparations to get away as fast as possible, and all they asked for was a little more time in which to dispose of their property and raise means for their journey. And furthermore that some of the heads of families were in the service of the United States, marching toward Mexico, and their families could not conveniently be moved until these soldiers had

drawn their pay. I was apparently making a good impression upon the mobbers, when Thomas C. Sharp, the notorious editor of the *Warsaw Signal*, interrupted me and told me that the war was between the Mormons and the old citizens, and that I had no right to interfere, and further that if we, whom they designated Jack-Mormons, did not stand aloof, we should share the same fate as the Mormons. When I alluded to the sufferings of the women and children, he burst out in terrible rage, saying, after uttering a fearful oath, 'Drive the women into the river and throw their d—d young ones in after them.'

"It was finally agreed that we should meet at Warsaw the following day and make another attempt at compromising. Here I was asked by Mr. Williams to sign a document to the effect that we would see all the Mormons out of Nauvoo within a reasonable time. This I emphatically refused to do, and said that I would see him in hell a thousand fathoms deep before I would put my signature to such a paper. At last I became so disgusted with him that I invited him to come out into the street for five minutes, and we would then and there settle the matter at once so far as we two were concerned. But he refused to engage in that kind of experience.

"When I think of the doings of these fellows, even at this late day, it makes my blood boil within; it was a shame, gentlemen, a burning shame, the way your people were treated at that time.

"I returned from Warsaw without affecting any compromise, and our next move was to defend ourselves the best we could. We turned the steamboat shafts into cannon, repaired our small arms, manufactured ammunition, and were determined to sell our lives as dear as possible. The famous battle of Nauvoo is a matter of history. I fought by the side of the gallant Captain Anderson, who fell as one of the noble defenders of human rights, but at last we were forced to capitulate, and so incensed were the mobbers at the active part I had taken in the defense, that they put me and two others on the death list, threatening to kill us at sight. To avert their murderous intent, I absented myself from Nauvoo for a few months, and did not return until February, 1847. During my absence the robbers plundered my house, the one I had bought of President Young, carrying away and destroying everything they could get a hold of, including my stock of wagons and house furniture, which were never returned to me, save some of the carpets which I had

purchased of the Temple committee. When Governor Ford, in his history of Illinois, says that he was not posted in regard to the crimes enacted by the mob in Nauvoo at that time, he tells a wicked lie, for I visited him twice myself, and told him all about it; and I also know that he was duly informed by others.

"In regard to Joseph Smith, candor compels me to say that he was a noble man, yes, a noble man, indeed. I never met his equal in all my life, and I only saw him once, but that occasion I shall never forget. A certain phrenologist had invited me to accompany him to Nauvoo to pay Joseph a visit, the professor desiring to make an examination of his head. We found Joseph walking in the garden; he received us kindly and soon invited us into the house, where I had a two hours' conversation with him. His manners, movements and whole deportment made a deep and lasting impression upon me, and convinced me that he was not the impostor and wicked man he had been represented by his enemies to be; to me he appeared to be a good, honest and noble-hearted man, and from all I have ever learned about him since, I have not had occasion to change my opinion about him."

In answer to further inquiry, the major described the Prophet as a very good looking man, with light complexion and light brown hair. He was strongly built and well proportioned, was about six feet high and weighed 200 pounds.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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### LETTER 16.

Nauvoo the Beautiful.—Old Familiar Residences Described.—Nauvoo as it Now is.—Fate of Mobocrats, Etc.

NAUVOO, Hancock Co., Illinois,  
October 8, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Dear Sir—When the beautiful Temple was adorning the most prominent point in Nauvoo, visitors could from its lofty spire obtain a fine view of the city and surrounding country,

but as there is no Temple tower to get into now, we obtained permission from the Catholic minister, H. J. Reimbold, Esq., to ascend into the spire of the church building, situated on the block immediately north of the Temple Block. There, from an elevation of about 150 feet, we were enabled to form a correct idea of the geographical and physical features of Nauvoo. The winding course of the great Mississippi all the way from Fort Madison in the north to Keokuk in the south, is plainly visible, and the beautiful flat country, stretching eastward toward La Harpe and Carthage, dotted with farm houses here and there, presents a view not soon to be forgotten, while westward, across the river, lies the town of Montrose, and the tracts of country on which Zarahemla, Ambrosia and other small settlements, founded and inhabited by the Saints, once stood. The timber along Sugar Creek can plainly be seen, and on a clear day the woodlands along the Des Moines River, are faintly visible along the western horizon.

Confining our vision to a smaller radius we observed how beautiful the township of Nauvoo is encircled on three sides by the river, which here makes a kind of horseshoe bend. We were also enabled to see that most of the present population of Nauvoo live in clusters of houses lying adjacent to Mulholland Street, the principal thoroughfare in the city, and also on those blocks extending in a southwesterly direction from the Temple site to the present ferry landing, which is near the foot of Parley Street, a short distance above where the ruins of Wm. Law's old mill stands as a reminder of the past.

We had quite an interesting conversation with Mr. Reimbold, the Catholic priest, who said he was raised in Nauvoo and had attended school together with several of the Prophet's sons.

By the aid of some of the older citizens and a plat of the city of Nauvoo, we proceeded to locate and visit a number of old residences which formerly belonged to members of the Church. Among these were the residence of the late Parley P. Pratt, standing on the corner of Young and Wells Streets. It is a fine two-story brick building, one of the largest in Nauvoo, and is now the residence of the Catholic priest. Until the church building lying immediately south of it was erected, the Catholics used to hold their meetings in it. On the corner of Knight and Durphy Streets is the old home of the late Edward Hunter, at the foot of the hill. On the top of the hill on the north side of Knight Street stands what was formerly known as the old Mormon arsenal. It is now used as a Catholic convent and has fine gardens surrounding it. On the south side of White Street, between Durphy and Partridge Streets, stands a fine two-story building on the site of Willard Richards old home. In making an excavation for a cellar on the premises, about the year 1868, a stone slab covered with about two feet of sand was discovered. By removing the dirt the following inscription was laid bare: "Jeanetta Richards, born at Walkerfold, England, Aug. 21, 1817, married to Willard Richards, Sept. 24, 1838; died July 9, 1845." Due respect was shown the remains, which were carefully removed to the southwest corner of the lot and there in-



terred, where they still remain under the same stone slab which at present is partly hid in the tall grass. When the remains of Sister Richards were removed they were in an excellent state of preservation. We conversed with at least three persons who had assisted in moving them, and they all described the beautiful, nicely combed hair, and the natural color of the skin of the corpse; also the silk dress, the white kid gloves, and the linen in the coffin, which were all as natural as when first consigned to the tomb more than twenty years before.

The residence of the late President Brigham Young, on the corner of Kimball and Granger Streets, is still standing; also Heber C. Kimball's old house on Munson Street, Orson Hyde's house on the corner of Carlin and Hotchkiss Streets, John Taylor's on Main Street, William Law's place near the mill site on the bank of the river, and scores of others. The old Seventies' Hall, on the corner of Parley and Bain Streets, has been remodeled and the upper story taken off; it is now used for school purposes, being known as the First Ward School House. The upper story has also been taken off the old Masonic Hall, on Main Street, and the remaining two stories covered in with a modern tin roof. The old *Times and Seasons* printing office, a two-story frame building, has been removed from its former location and placed upon a rock foundation near the upper steamboat landing, within the site of what was formerly Commerce City. The building known in the earliest days of Nauvoo as the upper stone house tumbled down many years ago, but the rocks have been used in erecting a new build-

ing on the old site, using even part of the old walls.

The Mansion, Joseph's old residence, is fast crumbling to pieces. The east wing facing on Water Street, has not been occupied for years; the west wing, facing on Main Street, is inhabited by a Mr. Madison and family. The property belongs to David Smith, youngest son of the Prophet, who is still at Elgin, Illinois, being yet somewhat demented, but entirely harmless. Joseph's old brick store, on Water Street, is yet in a pretty good state of preservation, but is not occupied. It belongs to Joseph Smith's eldest son ("Young Joseph"), together with the whole block on which it stands, with other improvements on the east side, including the house where the Prophet lived previous to his moving into the Mansion. Near the centre of the block, which is situated on the bank of the river, is the private burial ground of the Smith family, where rests the mortal remains of the senior Joseph Smith and his wife Lucy Mack, the Prophet's parents. Here also rests the late Emma Smith Bidamon, Frederick Smith, one of the Prophet's sons, the first wife of "Young Joseph" and two of his children, and a number of others. According to the best information we could obtain, Robert B. Thompson, Samuel H. and Don Carlos Smith, the two latter brothers of the Prophet, were also interred here.

From Major Bidamon we learned that the Prophet's only sister, Catherine Salisbury, resides at Webster, Hancock County, the place formerly known as Ramus or Macedonia. Some time before his death, President Young sent her, as a present, quite a sum of money, toward her

support in her old age. She is now 76 years old. Lucy Smith, the Prophet's youngest sister, died some years ago at Colchester, McDonough County, Illinois. Julia Murdock, adopted daughter of Joseph the Prophet, died from cancer in the breast, six or seven years ago, near Nauvoo. She was first married to Elisha Dickson, who was accidentally killed by the explosion of a steamboat, of which he was partly owner. Later, she married a lawyer by the name of Middleton, who is still alive.

We have visited the site of the old grove where public meetings were held previous to the erection of the Temple, where Joseph delivered some of his most powerful sermons, and where Brigham Young was first accepted as the Prophet's legal successor. The lot in which this grove once was is now owned by a Mrs. Newton. It is on Knight Street, east of Robinson Street, in block 16 of Well's Addition, in the fourth tier of blocks east of the Temple. We had to make many inquiries among the old settlers before we were able to determine the exact location. In the good old Nauvoo days meetings were also held in a grove immediately west of the Temple, and in the hollow south of Mulholland Street.

In visiting the eastern parts of the city, the place where the famous Nauvoo battle was fought was pointed out to us, and the exact spots where William Anderson and his son and Brother Norris fell. The building in which the Nauvoo *Expositor* was printed is still standing, and is owned by S. M. Walter, a fine old gentleman, who took great pains in giving us particulars in regard to the

building. There are ten houses on the Temple Block; the exact spot where the Temple stood is owned by C. W. Reimbold, who keeps a little store and also a book in which he requests his visitors to the Temple site to register their names. Mr. Reimbold has taken considerable pains in posting himself concerning the old places, and we found him very correct and reliable. We learned a great many historical facts in regard to the Temple, the rocks of which have been shipped to nearly every State in the Union, and some have even been sent to Europe. Thus there is a Catholic Church in Rock Island, built of the Temple rock, a private residence in Davenport, Iowa, not to speak of a large two-story building standing in the southwest corner of the Temple Block itself, erected by the Icarians, and the many rocks used for ornamental purposes in many private residences in Nauvoo. A pile of picked rock, containing moons and other designs, lies in the south part of Nauvoo, being hauled there by a man who expected to erect a private residence with them.

Of the present population of Nauvoo, 1,700 all told, about three-fourths are Germans, the remainder consists chiefly of French, English and Americans. In a religious point of view they are divided into Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalians, Lutherans and Josephites. Of the latter there are only a very few, not enough to hold meetings. The German Presbyterians own a snug little church on Young Street, northeast of the Temple; it was built of the bricks taken from the old John D. Lee residence. The German Lutherans also own a respectable

church two blocks south of the Temple site, on Wells Street. Dr. Robert D. Foster's old three-story house on the corner of Mulholland and Woodruff Streets was burned down several years ago; a part of the foundation yet remains.

From Phineas Kimball, an extensive landowner, M. M. Morrill, the veteran lawyer of Nauvoo, J. N. Datin, mayor of the city, Thomas Kelley, who claims to be the only member of the original Church at Nauvoo, and a number of others, we learned that Sheriff Jacob Backenstos, who took a noble stand in defending the Saints during the difficulties in 1846, died in Oregon about fifteen years ago as a highly respected citizen; he was also wealthy. On the other hand, Thos. S. Brockman, one of the principal mob leaders in 1846, came to a miserable end in Kansas, whither he removed from Mount Sterling, Adams County, Illinois, after trying in vain to be elected to office in Hancock County. He was killed during a quarrel, in which he was the attacking party, in 1872. Francis Higbee died in New York, his brother in Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois. Robert D. Foster went to California and has not since been heard of by our informants. William and Wilson Law are supposed to be alive yet, as they both visited Nauvoo a few years ago, trying to sell their claims on the islands in the Mississippi River, near Nauvoo. All these will be remembered by the Saints as the parties who, more than any others, were the means of bringing about the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum. Levi Williams, the principal leader of the Carthage Jail murderers, died at his home in Green Plains, about the year 1858. John

McAuley, a notorious mobocrat, died a most miserable death about the year 1872. While lying on his death bed, suffering the most excruciating pains, he told Mr. Morrill, our informant, that if he could only blot out five years of his life (referring to the time he fought the "Mormons"), he could die a happy man. Mr. Morrill said that a great number of the old mobbers came to a miserable end, and he did not remember a single one of them who ever amounted to anything after having persecuted the Saints. On the other hand, we heard of several of those who took an active part in defending the Saints who have since occupied various positions of honor and trust. Prominent among them we may mention Mr. Morrill himself, who has always been on the side of justice and right, and took an active part legally in defending a number of the brethren in times of their trouble; he has served ten years as mayor of Nauvoo and several terms in the Illinois legislature.

Our letter would be too long if we should relate what we learned in regard to the "Jack-Mormons," the French Icarians, who purchased the walls of the Temple, after the building was burned by the hands of an incendiary, and others who have figured in the history of Nauvoo since the Saints were forced to leave. Suffice it to say that shortly after the exodus and after most of the so-called "Jack-Mormons" got discouraged and moved to other parts, the population of Nauvoo was reduced to about 300 souls, and property sold for almost a song. To illustrate we will simply state that a Mr. Reimbold, father of our informant, who came to Nauvoo in 1848, bought a



fine two-story log house—hewed logs at that—with floors and everything complete, for the sum of \$4. The present German population, who have come to stay, have done better than any of their predecessors since the Saints left, but even they cannot make it a place of any importance. No, that is reserved for “others” to do, and even these “others” can not do it till the Lord’s time comes.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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LETTER 17.

A Neglected Cemetery—The Town of Carthage.—Interview with an Old Inebriate to Mobocracy and Murder.—Significant Affidavits.—The Scene of the Martyrdom.

CARTHAGE, Hancock Co., Illinois,  
October 8, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

Having hired Mr. C. W. Reimbold with his carriage to take us to Carthage and back, we left Nauvoo at 8 o’clock this morning. About one and a half miles east of the Temple block we crossed the little stream known in early days as Casper Creek, named in honor of Wm. Casper, a member of the Church, who lived near it. It is now called Chandler Creek. A little further out we came to the old graveyard, now locally known as the “Old Mormon burying ground,” where

Hundreds of faithful Saints have found  
A cold, yet peaceful grave,  
And there they now are sleeping  
Beneath the silent clay;  
But soon they’ll share the glories  
Of a resurrection day.

The ground embraces, we should say, about twenty acres of land, and is covered with a thrifty growth of

young trees, mostly hickory, which have grown up since the Saints left Nauvoo. Thus, instead of an open prairie, with here and there a clump of hazel brush, there is now a shady grove. As we silently and in deep meditation groped our way among the trees, examining the inscriptions on the old weatherbeaten tombstones, a spirit of sadness came over us, and in beholding the neglected state of the sacred grounds, we thought of the many in far-off Utah that have friends and relatives buried here who would now no doubt be willing to render financial aid toward keeping the grounds in repair. Would it not be in keeping with our general respect for age and our high esteem for our noble predecessors to engage some one among the present residents of Nauvoo to keep the old “Mormon” burying ground in a better state of preservation? If it is neglected much longer the last trace of most of the graves will soon be obliterated forever. Already a great number of tombstones and headboards have been broken off and scattered all over the grounds, and the few which are still to be found on the spots where they originally were placed by loving hands stand so crooked and so hid up among the trees, brush and weeds, that it almost makes a person weep to see it. In our observations we came across a number of familiar names, and in a few instances we stopped to pull away the rubbish which at first impeded our approach.

About three miles out from Nauvoo we passed Joseph Smith’s old farm. It is now owned principally by a German whose name is Ranzmeier, and who lives in the same old farm house that in the days of Joseph

was occupied by Father Lott. It is one of the finest farms in the neighborhood, and after seeing it we can easily understand why the Prophet lingered to take a last look at it when he went to Carthage to give himself up to the governor on the 24th of June, 1844; and that he, when some of the brethren who were with him made remarks concerning his tardiness to proceed, said, "If some of you had got such a farm, and knew you would not see it any more, you would want to take a good look at it for the last time." The whole stretch of country between Carthage and Nauvoo, with but very little exception, is one continuous plain; the soil is generally very rich and productive, and the farms seemed nearly all to be very extensive and well cultivated.

We passed on and arrived at Carthage about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The distance from Nauvoo to Carthage was formerly 18 miles, but as the country has filled up with more settlers, and the farms have been fenced in, the road has been changed so as to conform to the section and quarter section lines; hence the distance is now fully 22 miles.

Carthage is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, but has rather an old and neglected appearance. The streets are kept in a poor state of repair, and the plank sidewalks are full of holes and breaks, which make them quite dangerous for evening promenade. Nearly all the business houses are clustered around the court-house square, which is generally the case with all county seats of the same size both in Illinois and Missouri.

We first visited the old building which formerly was known as Ham-

ilton's Tavern, where Joseph and his brethren stopped before they, contrary to law, were taken to jail. The north wing of the building which faced the street northward has been moved, and the remaining west wing is used by the Hancock County Horse Company, who now owns it, as a carpenter and paint shop. It was continued as a hotel until four years ago, when Mr. C. S. Hamilton, the former owner, sold the property to the company named. The building stands half-a-block east of the public square, on the south side of North Main Street.

Learning that Thomas C. Sharp, the once notorious editor of the *Warsaw Signal* (who did, perhaps, as much as any other man to incite the populace to murder the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum) lived in Carthage and was editing the *Carthage Gazette*, we concluded to pay him a visit. We soon found both him and his office, and also his son, William Sharp, who acts as assistant editor to his father. We introduced ourselves as Elders from Utah, and shook hands with the old man, whose averdupois sums up to 241 pounds. He complained of being so heavy, saying he was at present gaining a pound a day. Mr. Sharp's features and general build are somewhat peculiar, but we shall not attempt to describe them. He was rather non-communicative, and was very careful in his expressions, but answered a few questions which we asked him in a straightforward manner. We did not, however, deem it wise to refer to what took place 44 years ago, although the scenes of 1844 were uppermost in our thoughts during our whole interview with him. Those who are familiar with the part

Mr. Sharp took in the affairs leading to the spilling of the best blood of the Nineteenth Century and the downfall of a once lovely and beautiful city, can easily imagine our feelings.

The junior Sharp treated us like a gentleman. "Do you think," said he, "that the Mormons would kill my father, if he was to visit Utah?" We replied that we were not a blood-thirsty people, and did not seek satisfaction in retaliation. The young man said that he believed his father was sincere in what he did. We did not dispute him. Others, who lived before the days of Mr. Sharp, believed that they were doing God's will when they killed His Prophets, and even the Savior himself. Of course they knew not what they were doing at the time, neither did Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Sharp was kind enough to show us a bound volume of the *Warsaw Signal* for 1844, and by looking over the file we soon found that extra number issued in June, 1844, in which the editor called upon the old citizens of Hancock County to exterminate the "Mormons." The readers of the *News* will remember that it was this article which was read to the Saints in Nauvoo, June 18, 1844, on the occasion when Joseph delivered his last public address, speaking to the Nauvoo Legion from the frame of an unfinished building.

Bound together with the *Signal* was a copy of the *Nauvoo Expositor*, that infamous sheet which was published by the apostates in Nauvoo, June 7, 1844, and which three days later was declared a nuisance by the city council and abated as such. We had long desired to peruse a copy, but never saw one until to-day, when

we were permitted to see the one in Mr. Sharp's possession. After reading some of its filthy contents, we could not blame our friends who sat in the Nauvoo city council for doing what they did. It was indeed a nuisance. But nasty as the sheet was, it nevertheless contains something which now can be used for altogether a different purpose to that which was originally intended. A number of people now living are inclined to disbelieve certain doctrines, because those who testify to their truth and to their having been taught and practiced by the Prophet Joseph are supposed to be in sympathy with said doctrines. What will those disbelievers do with the following affidavits, made subscribed and sworn to by some of the most bitter and avowed enemies the Prophet ever had. We copy them from the *Nauvoo Expositor*:

#### AFFIDAVITS.

"I hereby certify that Hyrum Smith did (in his office) read to me a certain written document which he said was a revelation from God; he said that he was with Joseph when it was received. He afterwards gave me the document to read, and I took it to my house, and read it and showed it to my wife and returned it next day. The revelation, so-called, authorized certain men to have more wives than one at a time, in this world and the world to come. It said this was the *law*, and commanded Joseph to enter into the *law*, and also that he should administer to others. Several other items were in the revelation, supporting the above doctrines.

WILLIAM LAW.

"State of Illinois, }  
"Hancock County. }

"I, Robert D. Foster, certify that the above certificate was sworn to before me as true in substance, this 4th day of May, A. D. 1844.

"ROBERT D. FOSTER, J. P."

"I certify that I read the revelation referred to in the above affidavit of my husband; it sustained in strong terms the doctrine of more wives than one at a time in



this world and in the next. It authorized some to have to the number of ten, and set forth that those women who would not allow their husbands to have more wives than one should be under condemnation before God.

JANE LAW.

"Sworn and subscribed to before me this 4th day of May, A. D. 1844.

"ROBERT D. FOSTER, J. P."

*"To all whom it may concern:*

"Forasmuch as the public mind hath been much agitated by a course of procedure in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by a number of persons declaring against certain doctrine and practices therein (among whom I am one), it is but meet that I should give my reasons, at least in part, as a cause that hath led me to declare myself. In the latter part of the summer of 1843 the Patriarch Hyrum Smith did in the High Council, of which I was a member, introduce what he said was a revelation given through the Prophet; that the said Hyrum Smith did essay to read the said revelation in the said Council; that according to his reading there was contained the following doctrines: First, the sealing up of persons to eternal life against all sins, save that of shedding innocent blood, or of consenting thereto; second, the doctrine of plurality of wives or marrying virgins; that David and Solomon had many wives, yet in this they sinned not, save in the matter of Uriah. This revelation, with other evidence that the aforesaid heresies were taught and practiced in the Church, determined me to leave the office of First Counselor to the President of the church at Nauvoo, inasmuch as I dared not teach or administer such laws. And further deponent saith not.

"AUSTIN COWLES.

"State of Illinois. }  
"Hancock County. }

*"To all whom it may concern:*

"I hereby certify that the above certificate was sworn and subscribed to before me this 4th day of May, A. D. 1844.

"ROBERT D. FOSTER, J. P."

Leaving Mr. Sharp's office we proceeded to the old Carthage Jail, the main object of our visit to the county seat of Hancock. Yes, there it stood, the old rock building, once a prison, but now transformed into a comfortable private residence, owned by James M. Browning, or rather by his wife Elizabeth Matthews Brown-

ing, her husband having deeded it to her. Many years ago the county sold the building and the lot upon which it stands to B. F. Patterson, who subsequently sold it to Mr. Browning. Mrs. Browning received us kindly and showed us about the premises. We went upstairs to the southeast upper room, where Joseph, Hyrum, John Taylor and Willard Richards were confined on the day of the martyrdom. We saw the hole through the door made by the bullet that killed Hyrum, examined the corner where Elder Taylor rolled under the bed; raised the window through which Joseph leaped, and was shown the exact place where the blood of Hyrum still stains the floor. The floor being carpeted, we did not see the stain, but Mrs. Browning assured us it was there yet and could not be washed away. The place where the well once was has been planted with flowers (lilies of the valley), and the good lady said she intended to continually keep a flower bed there in order to designate the spot. The building which stands on the north side of Walnut Street, or one block north and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  blocks west of the northwest corner of the public square, is 34 feet long from north to south, and 28 feet wide from east to west; the south end stands 18 feet back from the street. The upper room in which the brethren were imprisoned is about 16 feet square. There are two windows on the south and one on the east, the latter being the one through which Joseph leaped. The room, we should judge, is about eight feet from floor to ceiling; it is now used as a bedroom.

We shall never forget Carthage, nor the scenes enacted there. Although none of us were there when

the blood of the Prophet was spilt, yet, with what we have read concerning it, and what we have seen to-day, we are enabled to grasp the situation thoroughly, and the whole tragedy which took place on the memorable 27th of June, 1844, seems to pass in review before the eyes of our imagination so plainly and impressively that the effects thereof surely will remain with us forever.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

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LETTER 18.

The Iowa Site.—The Town of Montrose.—  
The Old Site of Zarahemla.

MONTROSE, Lee Co., Iowa,  
October 9, 1888.

*Editor Deseret News:*

We returned from Carthage to Nauvoo yesterday evening and spent the night with Phineas Kimball who, together with his amiable wife and daughter, treated us very kindly. Mr. Kimball is the owner of about 800 acres of land in and around Nauvoo, and has a beautiful residence on the site of old Commerce. As a young man he participated in the Nauvoo battle in September, 1846, and has always been a friend to the Saints. This forenoon we completed our rounds of observation in Nauvoo, and left at 4:30 o'clock p. m., crossing the river on the ferry boat to Montrose, on the Iowa side, where we arrived about 5 o'clock. The river here is nearly two miles wide. No sooner had we arrived at Montrose than we discovered that we had forgotten an important parcel in the house of Mr. Bidamon. Consequently we procured a skiff and was

rowed back to Nauvoo once more, landing on our way on the wooded island in the middle of the river. Returning we had the pleasure of crossing the Mississippi River by moonlight, an opportunity which we enjoyed very much, as it was not only romantic, but reminded us of others who years ago crossed the river by night under peculiar circumstances.

Montrose is quite a city *on paper*, as everyone who see the "Illustrated Atlas of Lee County" would say; but when it comes to the reality, its number of inhabitants does not exceed 1000 souls; still it has been on the increase during the last few years. For a long time after the Saints left the place was almost deserted. It now has the advantage over Nauvoo of being a railway town, and the ferry crosses the river eight times every day. Excepting two or three wells, which are still used by the present inhabitants, there is no trace left of the old military barracks in which the Saints at an early day suffered so severely from the effects of fever and ague, but the exact place where they once stood has been pointed out to us by old settlers. It was near the present railway station, and the site is now embraced in blocks 13, 16, 21 and 22 of the Montrose survey.

A little north of Montrose, on the bank of the Potter Slough, a small arm of the Mississippi, are the grounds where the last remnants of the Saints, consisting of the sick and the poor, were camped after being expelled from Illinois, as the final result of the famous battle of Nauvoo. Here it was that the Saints, in their distressed condition, were temporarily relieved by the quails which came to the camps of the exiles in large

numbers, as if sent through the miraculous interposition of the Almighty to save His people from starvation. One of our party (Bishop Black), who was with and one of the Saints in that memorable camp, caught many of these birds himself. They were so tame that they allowed themselves to be caught easily, and a great number of them in descending struck the wagons and tent poles with such force that they rolled into the tents stunned or dead.

Taking the main street of Montrose, which runs from the river in a southwesterly direction for nearly a mile, we came to a wide road running northeast, to which the dignified name of Grand Avenue has been appended. Turning to the right and proceeding a few rods along said avenue, we came to a somewhat antique looking rock house with a frame addition, standing on the left hand side of the road. This is the only relic left of what once was a flourishing settlement of the Saints. It was the commencement of what would have grown to a large city—a sister city of Nauvoo on the other side of the river—had the Saints been permitted to remain. We refer to Zarahemla, a place settled under the direction of the Prophet, agreeable to a revelation, in the year 1841. During that year a Stake of Zion was organized here with John Smith, Joseph's uncle, as President. In obedience to the revelation the Saints in Iowa commenced to gather on to the site, and about thirty houses had been erected when the persecution put a stop to any further improvements. It was also here that Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Willard Richards spent the night between June 22nd and 23rd, having left Nauvoo the evening

previous with the intention of fleeing to the mountains, to escape the murderous plans of their enemies. It has always been a source of regret to some of the Saints that the Prophet did not carry out his intention on that memorable occasion, and that he through the persuasion of Emma Smith, his wife, and others was induced to return and trust to the protection of the governor. The idea occurs to many, even to this day, that had Joseph fled to the Rockies at that time, his life might have been spared many years longer. Be that as it may, it was no doubt a part of the programme that he should seal his testimony with his blood.

Those familiar with Church history will remember the remark Joseph made when he was returning slowly toward the river. "It's no use to hurry, for we are going back to be slaughtered;" "If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to myself," are utterances which never will be forgotten by the Saints. Joseph's nature was aroused at the merest mention of his being a coward and that he wanted to run away from the flock when the wolves were threatening the sheep. Rather than to lay himself liable to any such accusation he prepared to go as a lamb to the slaughter, and he did.

Zarahemla, like the great Nephite capital after which it was named, is no more; but we predict it shall arise phoenix-like at some future day, and that the words of the Lord concerning it shall be honored and fulfilled. The site is most delightful for the centre of a large town, and when a Temple shall have been built on the site which was selected by the Prophet on a neighboring bluff overlooking the lower lands between it



and the river, then Zarahemla shall fully come up to the expectation of her original founders, and be numbered among the great cities of the Millennium.

About three miles below Montrose is the town of Nashville, which on the 24th of June, 1839, was bought by the Church together with 20,000 acres of land adjoining it. Here also quite a number of Saints resided in the good old days. After the exodus the place went down like all the other settlements of the Saints, but since the completion of the Des Moines Rapids Canal, at the upper end of which it is so pleasantly located, it has rather revived, and now has a population of three hundred souls.

Taking it altogether Lee County, Iowa, is a fine country, and has now a population of 40,000. There are a number of prosperous towns and hundreds of excellent farms. Many of the latter are for sale.

We have only been here (Montrose) a few hours, but have already found a number of friends, who take a deep interest in giving us all the information they can concerning matters in which we are interested. "Do you ever expect to come back to this country?" has been asked us by several persons. We answered one man, "Yes, most assuredly; we have got to come and build Zarahemla, and then we will remember Montrose as one of her suburbs; perhaps we will include it in the new corporation, and call it Lower Zarahemla." Our friends thought there would be no inclination now on the part of the present inhabitants to mob us, should we come back, as they would undoubtedly be in favor of the boom in real estate which we

would naturally bring with us. We suggested that the old mobocratic spirit was not dead yet, and would not die as long as the devil had power to tempt the children of men; and that should the Saints return at the present time the old spirit of hatred would be pretty sure to show itself anew.

From Montrose we go to Keokuk, thence to Elden, Iowa, where our little party will be dissolved, and each go on his way rejoicing. We have had a good time together. Seldom, if ever, have three brethren labored together with better feelings and been more unanimous in every move made, than has your humble servants who now have visited nearly every important place connected with the early history of the Latter-day Saints and the life of Joseph the Prophet. We feel that the Lord has been with us, and that He has crowned our labors with success. We trust that the information which we have gained may be of benefit to the Saints hereafter. To the Lord and His kind providence in our behalf we ascribe all the honor and glory.

Your brethren in the Gospel of Christ.

ANDREW JENSON,  
EDWARD STEVENSON,  
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

Separating at Eldon, Iowa, according to previous arrangement, Elder Black proceeded to Council Bluffs to visit some relatives, while Elders Stevenson and Jenson visited Richmond and Kansas City, Mo., and other places on the homeward journey, and arrived safely in Salt Lake City Oct. 15, 1888. Elder Black had arrived there the day previous.

















